INTERNATIONAL club

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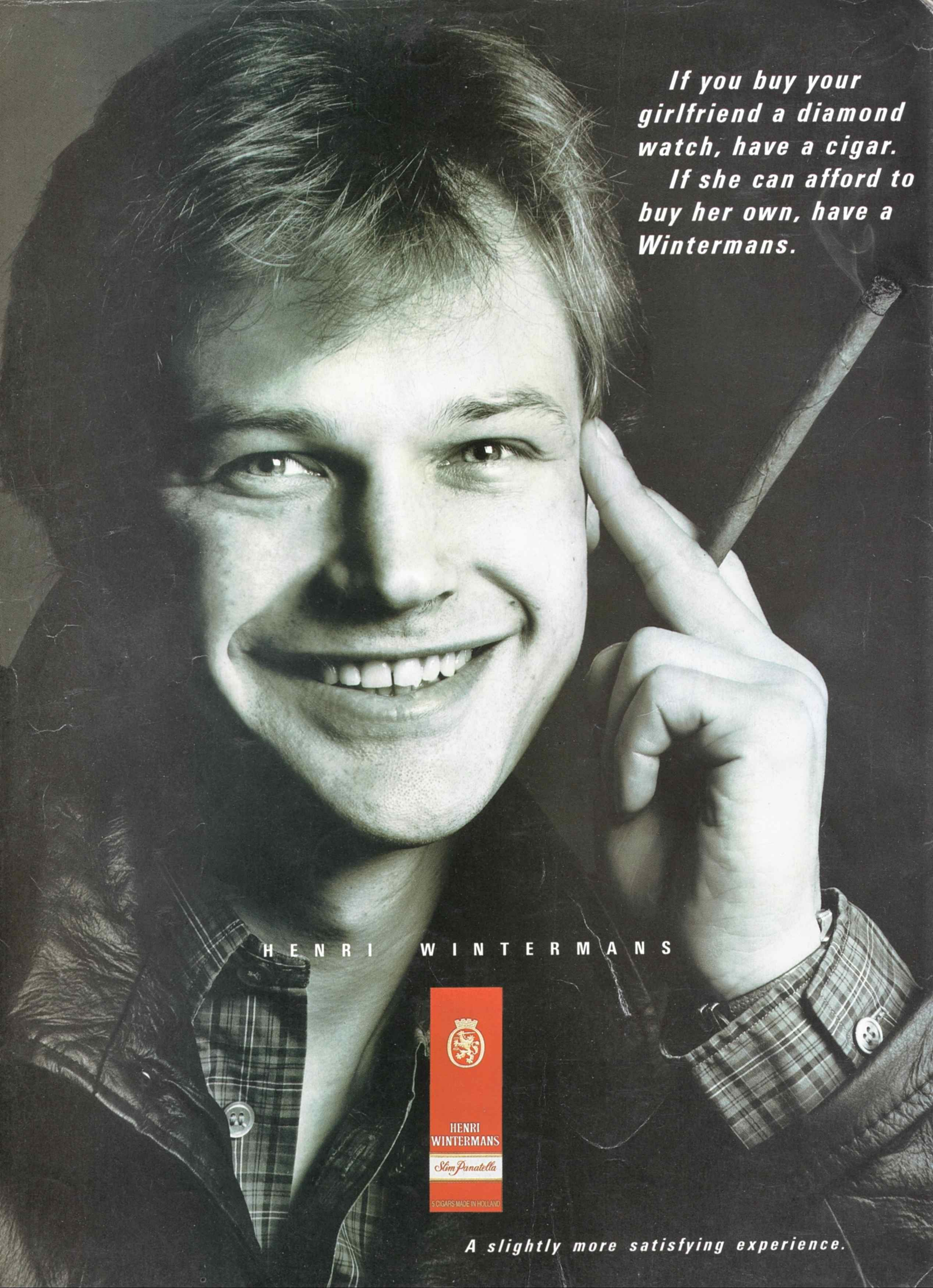
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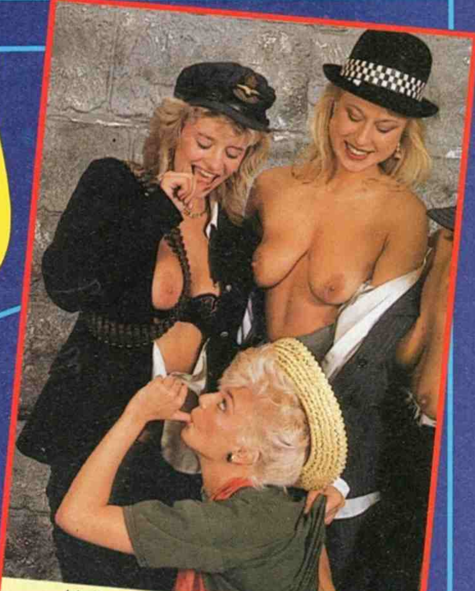

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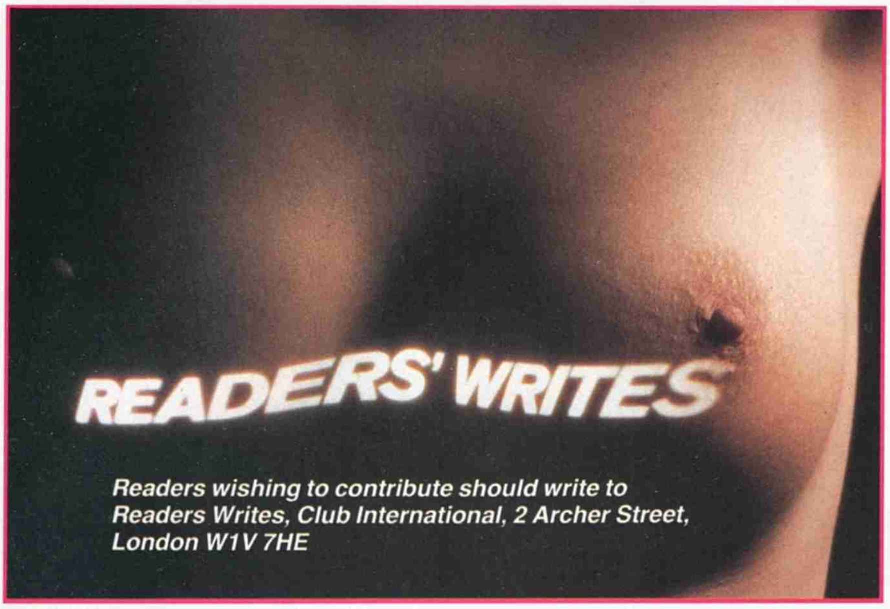


READERS' WRITES

Readers wishing to contribute should write to Readers Writes, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Beach Boy

I'd like to tell you of an event which happened to me while I was in Portsmouth on business during the summer.

I had a couple of hours to waste over lunch. I decided that, as it was such a nice, hot, sunny day, I'd take a walk along the beach. No worry about getting all sandy, either – Portsmouth beach is covered in stones!

It's important to know that, up until this point, I had always remained faithful to my wife (apart from a couple of wanks two years ago with a girl I used to work with).

Back to the story. I noticed a beautiful girl sitting alone on the beach, so I sat down near her. After a while, I plucked up the guts to go up to her and say she looked as bored as me. I asked her if she would like to have a drink with me. To my amazement, I discovered she was French (promising), and she agreed to come with me (even more promising).

After a drink, I suggested we go for a walk, which Hélène also readily agreed to. I took her to a part of Portsmouth where there's a grassy slope by the sea. As we walked, I put my arm around her, and she set me a-tingling by doing exactly the same. We stopped walking and began to kiss.

That first kiss, when you're with someone new for the first time in years, is a fantastic feeling. I'd brought some beach mats from the car, and, when we came to some long grass, I put them down and we lay on them.

I started to fondle her tits, and she responded by removing her top and bra. We kissed and caressed for a while, then I moved my hand down to her jeans, undid them, and moved my finger between her legs. She was already very wet. As I touched her, she groaned slightly and mumbled something in French. I've no idea what she said, but I can take a very good guess . . .

I pulled her jeans and pants down to her knees, kissed her, then put my head between her thighs. I moved my tongue over her clitoris, then into her hole. I pushed my head gently into her so my mouth was sucking her wetness. She began to moan and wriggle around.

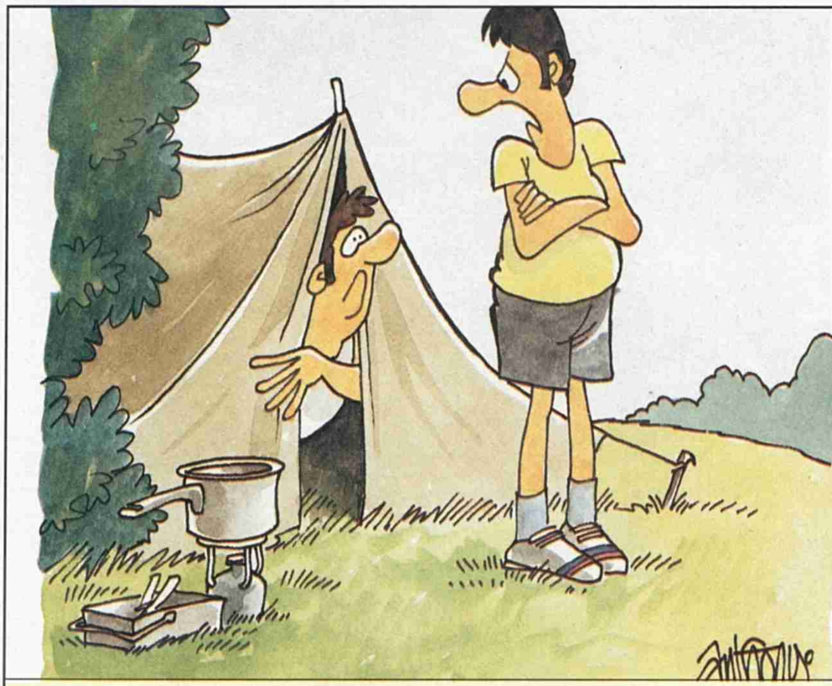
With a hand on her clitoris and my tongue up her hole, I licked her with renewed vigour. She shouted out, and I felt her spasms come. I kept going till she could take no more, then she pushed me away. She lay exhausted in the grass for about ten minutes, the sun beating down and only the sound of the sea to accompany us.

Then it was my turn. She reached down, peeled off my pants and slid them down to my knees. I was absolutely desperate to be brought off, but she was soft and gentle, and stroked me lightly. I suddenly had that warm, weak-kneed, pleasurable feeling you normally only experience when you wank slowly at night with your partner asleep in bed next to you!

She leaned over me, and I felt her hair resting on my groin as she put her mouth over my hard knob. She knew exactly where to put her tongue, and just how hard to suck. With such expert handling, it was simply beyond my control to hold back any longer. I was totally overwhelmed with ecstasy, and I was aware of every sinew in my body being stretched to snapping point as I braced myself for the Big O. Then, totally satisfied after my shuddering climax, I lay like a lump of jelly, completely unable to move. It was as if she had just sucked all my strength out of me (and swallowed it).

Half an hour later we were at it again – and this time I had my penis inside her. I'd never had a fuck like it before, but I was lucky enough to experience another the next day before she returned to France.

Dan, Cornwall



There's a limit to the amount of baked beans our friendship can take, Trevor!

Top Ten Corner

1 Samantha Fox (model)
2 Madonna (pop star)
3 Heather Locklear (actress)
4 Debbie Harry (pop star)
5 Linzi Drew (page 14)
6 Siouxsie (pop star)
7 Debee Ashby (model)
8 Zoe Lee (model/actress)
9 Kate Bush (pop star)
10 Bo Derek (actress)

Peter, Leeds

In Conference

Conferences and courses, as anybody who's ever been on one will tell you, have great scoring potential. I'll now illustrate the point.

A few years back, I was working at the trade show of a conference of a profession heavily-weighted with women. On the first night, I spotted Helen – tall, long legs, blonde hair and a beautiful, wide mouth which I could almost feel around my prick.

By the end of the evening I'd managed to persuade her to come back to my room, but all did not go according to plan. She was married, and nervous – it was her first time away from the nest. I gallantly escorted her back to her hotel and we kissed goodnight. This lasted about half an hour, and it was clear she really wanted more. We agreed to meet the next night.

The next time I saw her, she was wearing a really short white dress which made her legs look longer and her suntan deeper. And this time we put our act

continued on page 6

G

CHERYL

Funny how fortunes change
When Cheryl featured in Club
few issues back, she revealed tha
her capabilities extended fa
beyond the realms of professiona
knicker-dropping. An accom-
plished actress, and veteran o
numerous "TV sitcom walk-on
and minor cameos", Cheryl wa
tiring of forever "knocking on th
door" of her profession, withou
ever quite getting her foot inside
Impressed by her stunning look
and fearful she might be swal-
lowed up by a Big Break, w
decided to invest in a secon
photo set of Cheryl, just in cas
her dreams came true and sh
found herself back on the boards
headed for the heights. Well, tim
proved this to be a pretty shrew
investment indeed, as Cheryl ha
since jumped at the chance t
appear in a new foreign soa
opera, about which she's no
allowed to say very much at th
moment. While we're please
things have worked out so well fo
this wiggly Miss from Worcester, i
seems a shame that such a glamou
"natural" (thin on the ground a
the best of times) has upped – o
should we say, downed – and lef
us. We should worry: Cheryl's jus
told her boyfriend she won't b
back until Christmas '87! **Chec
Cheryl's credentials for yourself o
page 8.**

irl Talk

This is the page where we try and put words to the pictures – sketch in the background, so to speak. It isn't always easy – what's in the foreground often seems to monopolize our readers' attention. Still, if you are interested in the mind as well as the body, read on . . .

SUZETTE

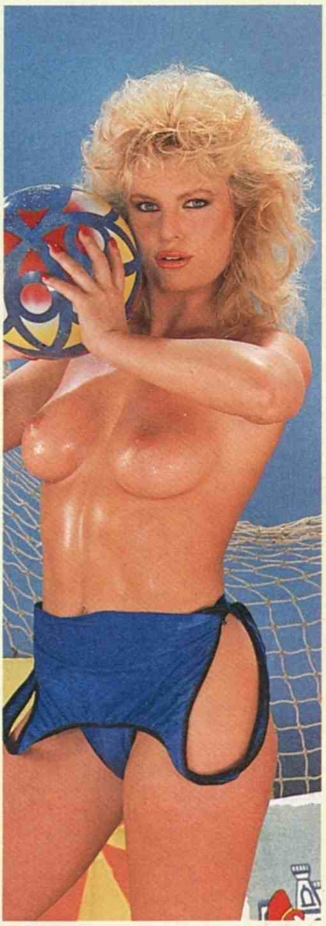
We wondered if Suzette had picked up any more languages since we last met the Paris-born stunner in Vol 15 No 7. However, the total remains at "only" six. Tut-tut, Suzette – we'd expected *at least* Welsh and Bengali to be added to the list. "Oh, I've been far too busy since I last appeared in Club to think about learning languages. I'm doing four modelling assignments every week now." Ah, so it's like that, is it? How do you say "laughing all the way to the bank" in French? Or Dutch? Or...? "You're saying I must have lots of money? Well, yes – and no. You see, the more I earn the more I spend. Just now I have nothing, because I have just bought a Toyota MR2 sports car. It is *formidable*! I will use my next cheque to pay for the petrol for a trip to Germany: I want to take my car on the autobahn to see how fast it *really* is. Besides, there's someone in Hamburg I would like to see again. You remember? I told you about him last time – the boy in the bar..." This, folks, is a case of not knowing who to be more jealous of – the boy, or the MR2-owning Suzette. **Rush to page 71 to catch this fast lady!**

VICKY

Can anyone put their finger on it? Why on earth is it that French girls have such an unfailingly groin-stirring effect on us Brits? It seems all they have to do is talk, dammit, for a chap's trouser-symmetry to be shot to pieces! Take Vicky, for example. She assures us that when she was on vacation from university last summer, earning a crust by minicabbing in her native town of Nantes, none of her male customers gave her so much as a second look, never mind an offer of a date. "Where I am from, my looks are, 'ow you say, *teepical*." Oh yeah? Well, round the West End they're a tonic, let alone typical! In fact, walking this lovely lady to lunch was a positive ordeal, what with all those wolf whistles and turning heads. While, for all we know, Vicky's pretty features might indeed be "teepical" in Northern France, her bottom is so universally delectable, it was like it was saying "Watch me!" as it wiggled its way down Wardour Street. But it was in the studio where Vicky's exhibitionism paid dividends. Watching her preen and primp and pout gave one just an inkling of a suspicion that, for all her 19 years, she's an experienced lady . . . **As you'll gather by going to page 26!**

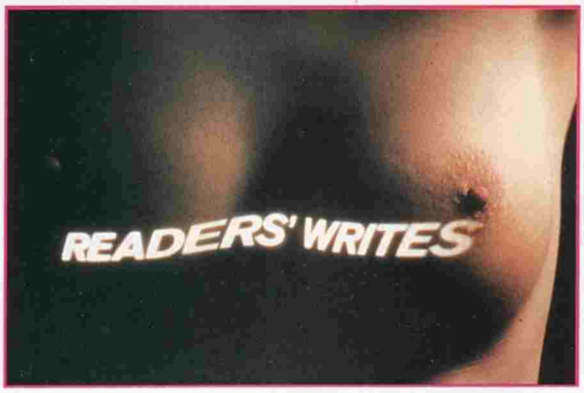
BELINDA

My word, what a pretty, perky pair! Belinda, belying her grass roots by getting off the Green Line coach at Victoria and calling Club collect, asking to be "picked up" (cheek!), was nevertheless quick to comprehend what was expected of her, ie 20 reels of 35mm film in two hours 15 minutes! "My kind of model exactly," said lensman Dwight. "Head down, mouth shut, and on to the bitter end without so much as a coffee break!" Not that Belinda sees herself as a recurring victim of the "prying lens". Reading history and economics at "a West Country seat of learning", the real motivation for her excursion to sleazy Soho was an unpleasant letter from her bank manager, informing her that, while it was only mid-term, her grant money had disappeared and she was £42 overdrawn. However, 42 turned out be a lucky number for busty Belinda, whose splendid 42-inch chest earned her enough loot to put her well back into the black – and into the back of a black cab, back to Victoria, this time *not* paid for by Paul Raymond Publications! **And the best of those 20 reels appears on page 58!**



DANIELLE

Let's face it, there are things one would rather do with Danielle than play ball – even a soft, squidgy one like hers! But there's no denying she looks a treat in the jolly old *mode sportif*, and if she just happened to be volleyballing on the beach while you were ambling past, the sight would surely put some bounce in your walk! Oddly, in this health-conscious day and age, Danielle (from Chingford, as it 'appens, despite ze nom) isn't the slightest bit interested in the keep-fit cult. "You only worry about that sort of thing when you're fat, dontcha?" asks this West End PR company receptionist, and one has to take her point. When you're looking as good as Danielle, oozing fitness from every pore, why bother with the agonies of gym 'n' jog? Danielle, nothing if not outspoken, confessed to being a little disappointed with this, her first glamour session (a centrespread, already!). "I was secretly hoping you'd do me all up in kinky black rubber and silk stockings!" she whimpers. "Then I could *really* go over the top!" Not in Club you don't, madam! **You won't be disappointed by the set beginning on page 44 . . .**



READERS' WRITES

continued from page 4

together. I rubbed her breasts through her thin cotton dress, and her nipples swelled like cucumbers. My hand slipped inside and gently caressed her small, but firm, breasts. I love small breasts and huge nipples – especially with deep brown areolae like Helen's.

It wasn't long before her shoulder straps were released, revealing her in all her glory: there was even a birth mark on her left breast. Meanwhile, she'd been paying more than passing attention to my prick; and by the time I was slipping my hand up her smooth, firm thighs, she'd unzipped my throbbing member from its confines.

Imagine my delight when, on touching her knickers, I felt them to be wringing with her juices. She squealed with delight when I slipped my fingers inside, ran them around her large labia and rested them on her clit.

I took off her knickers and dress, leaving her naked. I was still fully-clothed at this point, and she lay wide-eyed, fingering herself, as I slowly undressed before her. Our naked bodies embraced at last. Before long, I was giving her the tongueing of her life, bringing her to climax as she shouted out: "Fuck me – please fuck me!"

Eager to oblige, my cock rammed home into the most perfectly-matching cunt I've ever entered, and I soon creamed to a magnificent orgasm.

The rest of the conference was spent together, and we exchanged phone numbers (hers was her work number, of course). We also exchanged a number of sexy phone calls, but what we both wanted was to make it again. This wasn't what you would say too easy, as she lived in Scotland and I was in London.

One weekend, she escaped on a shopping trip with several girlfriends and made straight for my flat. No sooner had the front door closed than I stripped off, and, as she took my penis in her hand, I took her clothes off and laid her there and then. That's how hot we were for each other. During that weekend, we fucked in every room in the place – on the dining room table, in the bath, even on the kitchen floor.

I even managed three orgasms in a row – something that has eluded me with other girls. First, after licking her cunt to our mutual delight, we screwed standard fashion; immediately after my load was shot, she rolled me over and sat upright on my still-erect member – and while I gripped her breasts, she rode the spunk out of me; still not satisfied, she lifted herself off, turned over and presented her arse to me, her generous cunt lips hanging down and dripping with come. Well, how could I resist? I thrust into her fanny from behind, bringing on a third load of spunk. I was left thoroughly drained.

Penny – a girl with all her spots in the right place

The last night, dressed in towelling dressing gowns, we had dinner. Afterwards, she told me to sit and wait for her; she had bought a surprise on her previous day's shopping trip.

The room I was sitting in looks down a corridor to the bedroom. And, as the door opened, my cock almost burst as she appeared in stockings and suspenders. She walked slowly and teasingly towards me, finally arriving before me. She kneeled down, opened my robe, and took my cock into her mouth. She gave it such a sucking and licking, it was ready to return the compliment – but she pushed me back into my seat and told me to wait.

She then proceeded to parade her sexily-dressed body before me, and teasing me about how much my cock wanted her pussy. Finally, she sat on the floor a few feet in front of me with her legs wide open, and began to finger her clit. With my quivering cock throbbing for action, she cried out: "Fuck me, lover, I want your cock!" I'm sure I can leave the rest to the imagination.

I only saw her one more weekend before things became too difficult for her to get away. But she'll always have a special place in my memories. *Bob, London*

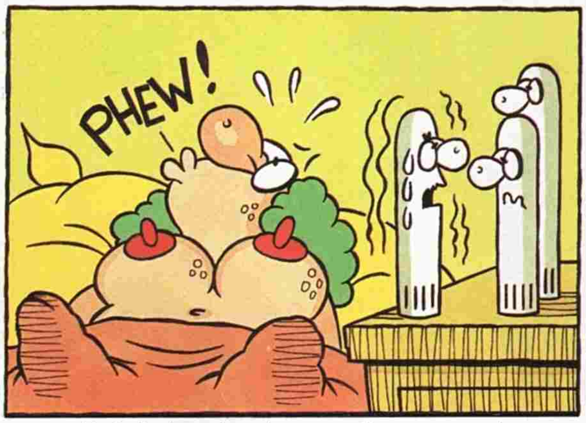
That's hardly surprising, really – Ed.

Good Penny

I've just laid my grubby mitts on the new issue of Club (Vol 15 No 12), and I reckon it must rate as just about the best thing I've ever done! Seeing Linzi in school uniform was worth the cover price alone, but the star attraction of this particular issue has to be Penny.

And just to prove there don't need to be millions of nipples and hairy fannies all over the place to achieve the desired reaction among readers, the most cock-arousing picture of Penny was the opening shot of her: although she's not showing anything very much, the sexy expression on her face, common throughout the picture set, absolutely blew my mind (and if I was ever lucky enough to meet up with Penny, it wouldn't be my *mind* I wanted her to blow, I can assure you of that . . .).

VIBES by Tony Neat



I hate it when she rubs me up the wrong way!

The pictures of Penny and the ornamental leopard were quite apt, I thought: this girl isn't so much a sex kitten as a fully-grown tigress of lust, with claws out ready for the kill. Well, I for one am certainly game for a scratch.

One last thing – would 100 pictures of Penny weigh a pound? *Rick, Harlow*

I honestly never realized we had such ready wits among the Club readership – Ed.

Nightmare Trip

There follows a tale which I think the readers of your excellent magazine will appreciate.

My name is Paul and I'm a janitor. I'm 46, overweight and not all that good-looking. With a body and face like mine, I always reckoned I'd end my days as a confirmed wanker. But it hasn't worked out like that, and this is the story of why not.

I was having lunch outside at the campus of the university where I work, when I was approached by a girl I can only describe as a wanker's wet dream. She was about five feet ten, with dark red hair and a magnificent body – big tits, a fine big arse and long, golden legs under her short skirt. Smiling, she asked me to carry some heavy pottery she had made (she's an art student here) out to her car.

It would be a pleasure, I told her (true), and carefully ogled her body as we walked. "I'll need help at the other end, too," she said. "Could you come with me? I'll run you back later." Again, a pleasure, and I squeezed my heavy body into her small car.

It was like a dream. After we'd unloaded the stuff she made some coffee, and said she wanted to change into something cooler. Five minutes later, she came back into the room wearing nothing but a short, thin, black baby-doll nightie. She came right up to me and sat on my lap.

"I smell of perfume, sweat and cunt," she purred. "Wouldn't you like to lick it all off me?" That was the start of a very filthy afternoon, evening and night. It wasn't until much later, when we were both exhausted and soaked in spunk and cunt juice, that I asked her the inevitable question – why me? And out comes the following incredible story.

Two years ago, when she was 18, she went on a visit to Singapore with her parents. The trip turned into a nightmare when a routine baggage check found a few ounces of cocaine in dad's luggage – probably put there by some drug courier hoping to retrieve it later.

The family pleaded their innocence, but to no avail. They soon found themselves at the local police station, scared shitless. The police captain was a real pig of a man – short, obese and ugly. He didn't like drug dealers, he said, and reminded the girl and her parents that the common penalty was hanging!

What he *did* like, however, was Sharon, the girl in the story. And Sharon wasn't slow to cotton on to how this could be used to make sure she and her folks didn't spend the rest of their lives rotting in some "throw-away-the-key" jail, or dangling from the end of a rope. In short, she struck a deal with the captain (let's call him Ping), which saw the parents being carted off to the local cells and she taken to Ping's villa for a week.

At 18, Sharon had 39-inch tits and long, thick nipples that drove Ping mad with lust. He had a good ten inches, and Sharon took great delight in telling me in detail what he did with it. After two days of being shagged stupid by this pig, she began to turn into just the kind of dirty slut Ping was hoping for. She dressed up in filthy underwear and danced for him. She wanked, frigged and finger-fucked herself for him and on him. She wanked him into her face while making up obscene stories and talking dirty. After a week of this, she was hooked on his kind of lewd sex.

Surprisingly, he kept his

word and they all left the country, but not before Sharon got together with Ping for a particularly filthy farewell. Now it seems she's keen only on bodies like Ping's, and I happen to fit the bill.

God, the things she'll do for me! She likes me to root her hard, doggy-style, until I'm sweating like a pig. Then, with a vibrator shaking the juice out of her cunt, she'll lick me all over and tell me more dirty stories about Ping, her big tits – 40D now – still firm and streaked with my come, the nipples sucked to bursting point, her meaty white arse cheeks clenching through her orgasm.

I'm one old wanker who really got lucky. *PS, Australia*

A Job Well Done

No doubt many of you have flicked through the Situations Vacant pages in the papers and wondered why there are always so many jobs on the go for salesmen. I'll tell you why – it's a shit-awful way to earn a living, and thus the turnover is enormous. I should know – I've had three sales jobs in as many years.

When I left my last job about two months ago, I soon found out what a horrendous proposition it is to look for any other kind of work. Having had no luck whatsoever, I decided to register with an employment agency – maybe they could find me a sales job where I didn't have to shift 20 telex machines a month to earn enough to eat.

I went to an agency near where I live. While waiting to be seen I got talking with the receptionist – a smartly-dressed, very elegant woman of about 40 (16 years older than me). She exuded class, and I found her instantly attractive. While being registered, I was told a company was holding preliminary interviews for sales personnel in the agency premises the following day. I was fixed up with an appointment.

To be honest, the job wasn't what I was looking for at all, but I was rather keen to build on my acquaintanceship with the receptionist. That night, I had a hell of a wank imagining my removing her business attire and licking her out as she lay sprawled on her desk.

Next morning, I called in at the appointed time only to see hordes of fellow interviewees waiting to be seen. When the guy sitting next to the receptionist was called in, I was up and in his seat as soon as you could say "commission".

My heart jumped a bit when she smiled warmly on recognizing me. She was wearing a short, tight, two-piece suit and a crisp, white shirt with wing collar. When

continued on page 95

COME AGAIN

Last month, if you remember, it was the lovely, leggy Anita from Vol 15 No 11 who took the honours, hotly pursued in the polls by just about every other girl who appeared in that illustrious edition.

And it's with the same issue we stay this time. Obviously, this young lady had such an effect on you, you couldn't write to tell us about it at the time. That's all right – we understand. Truth be known, we don't mind having another butcher's at this one, either.

Yes, our *Club Chance* first-timer, Tracey from Southend, the town with the broken pier, has broken quite a few hearts as well, including that belonging to John, from Harrow: "She is the most fuckable woman I've seen for a long time, and she's left me with a permanent hard-on. Quite simply, she's the ultimate." You know, we sometimes wonder what your comments would sound like being read out on *Points Of View* by one of those whining types with the Old Etonian accent. Can you imagine it? *"Pehmanent haahdon..."*

Anyway, we digress. Grant, from Dingwall (musical, Highland accent) was particularly taken by Tracey's outdoor attire. "Short leather skirts have a funny effect on me at the best of times, but seeing one attached to Tracey's body was almost too much for me to bear. I can't remember ever seeing a girl who looked so blatantly *randy*."

Mr EJ (gruff, Lancashire accent) obviously agrees, as his letter makes only too clear. Here's his offering in full:

Thank you for the greatest photo set ever printed, and for bringing into my life the most beautiful girl in the world. What stunning looks! What a magnificent body!

Oh, if only I was the man lucky enough to be sharing her bed and experiencing the love her body delivers. I would be the happiest man in the world. How I'd love to have my dick plunging into that beautiful cunt! Or being sucked by that terrific mouth! How I'd love to feel that body writhe and squirm beneath mine, and to hear her words of ecstasy as she came! And then hear her gasp and thank me as I came inside her!

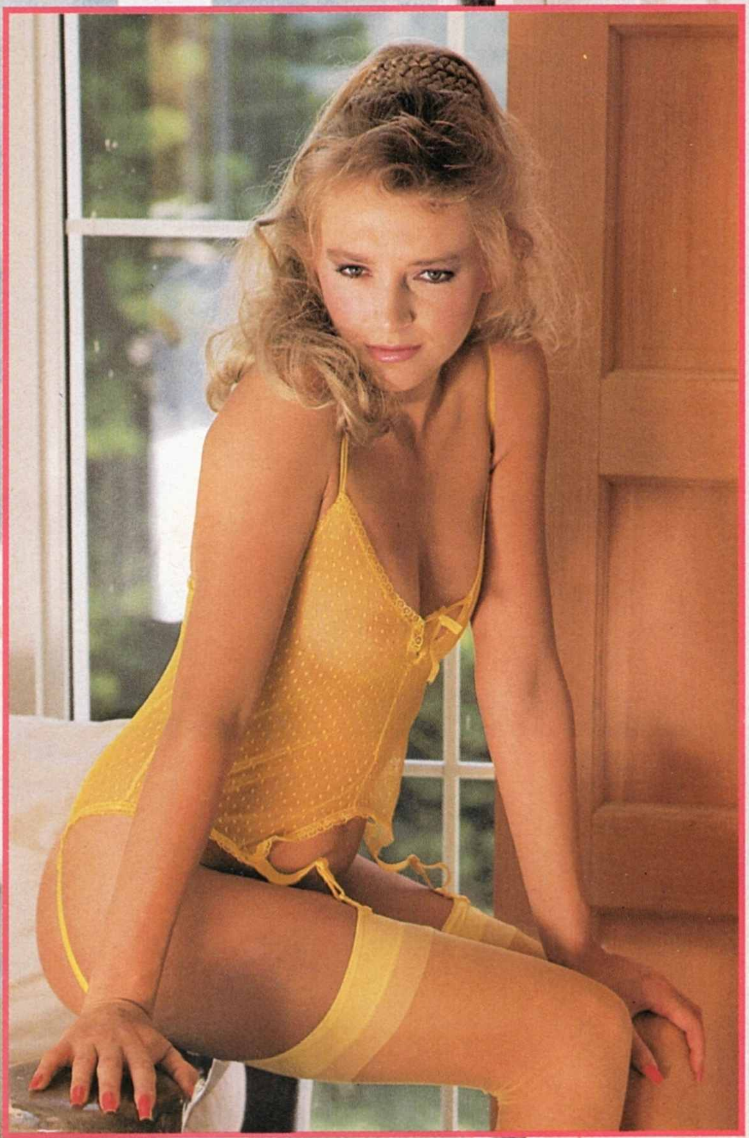
I really can't stress too much how I dream of feeling her cunt clutch and release my prick, its warm caress making me feel so welcome! How I dream of exploring its depths with my tongue!

Sorry about that; I got a bit carried away. But can you blame me? I've fallen in love – her name's Tracey, and it was you who introduced me to her in the pages of Vol 15 No 11. Thank you, Club – thank you again! I know I'm spitting into the wind by asking you for her address and phone number, so how about compensating by giving us another picture of those terrific looks, magnificent tits and that oh-so stupendous cunt?

Watch out, Southend – here I come. *EJ, Lancashire*

Cheryl

Photographs by Joe King



LIFE WITH Linzi

LINZI DREW, one of the sexiest and most photographed models in the world, writes exclusively in *Club International* . . .

I love a night on the town with a girlfriend or two, glammed up to the eyeballs and dashing from one night club to another. It's great fun when we play our girlie games – like teasing all the guys.

Generally, the name of the game is trying to pick up somebody who is absolutely gorgeous and give him a right good seeing-to. But you know how it is: we girls *do* like to tease. Even though I'm a rather promiscuous lady, you wouldn't believe the amount of times I've been called a cockteaser!

Another favourite trick of mine is spinning them a line. Well, you fellas do it all the time to us, so we have to get our own back.

I was in this swish night club last week when this really big black guy, who resembled Frank Bruno, approached me and asked if I was Linzi Drew. I looked extremely vague and asked who the hell she was. When he told me she was a glamour model, I looked thoroughly disgusted and told him I was a nurse called Sara.

Now, most guys seem to have the hots for nurses and "Big Frank" was no exception. When he asked what I specialized in, I really got going, telling him I was an expert in genital disorders. Well, you would have thought he would have twigged at that little ruse, but instead he seemed rather more interested than he was before!

I was really enjoying myself by this time, making up all sorts of genital complaints that surely don't exist, when one of my friends wanted to go and fetch some more drinks.

"Fancy another glass of wine, Linzi?" she shouted loudly above the thumping disco music. I was just about to answer when I realized "Big Frank" had now finally cottoned on. Time to leave, I thought, and so I beat a hasty retreat to the bar before he could administer a good right hook!

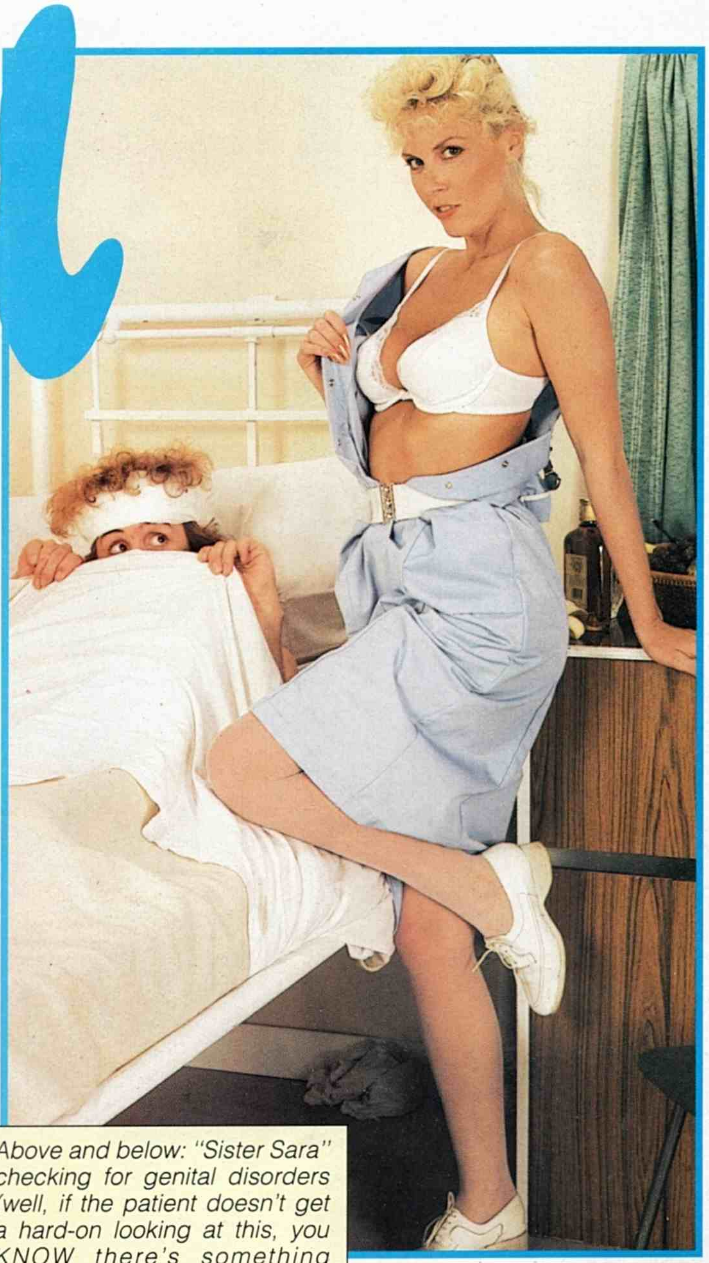
As the nurse story had seemed to work quite well – until Debbie blew it, that is – we all decided that, for the rest of the evening, we would become nurses who specialized in genital disorders. I even promoted myself to *Sister* Sara, as it had a nicer ring to it.

The next guy who started chatting me up was Italian and very good-looking, but a bit too smooth for my liking. So I started on the white lies once again. I was waffling on about handling male genitals: this, and the fact I kept flashing my tits every now and then, really seemed to be getting this one going. It was all I could do to stop him dragging me off into some dark corner so I could examine *his* genitals!

My excuse for declining his offer of a quickie in the corner was that I had to shoot off straight away for my 3am night shift. He actually believed I was off to treat genital disorders at that time of night, half-pissed though I was...

Still, by the end of the night I'd had enough of my cockteasing antics and fancied a little bit of the real stuff. So I reverted back to lusty Linzi, and my girlfriend and I got chatting to a couple of dishy barmen.

One of my friends had



Above and below: "Sister Sara" checking for genital disorders (well, if the patient doesn't get a hard-on looking at this, you KNOW there's something wrong!).

Photographs by Paul Diamond and John Copthorne

already left (and so had most of the other people in the club, as it was fast approaching closing time). The barmen always stay a little later to clear up, so we sat nattering to them. I was feeling very tiddly and couldn't stop pulling down the top of my dress and inspecting my bouncing boobies, which were nicely reflected in the mirrors behind the bar.

Angel, who was wearing a really tight rubber dress, was getting all pouty as she couldn't wriggle hers out to compete! One of the barmen seemed particularly interested in my tits and offered to take them home... providing the rest of me was attached to them.

We decided to go to his place, as I was staying at my girlfriend's and we didn't want a big mass orgy on our hands, did we (although that came the next night!)? We zoomed off in his car to his little *pied à terre* in Chelsea, where he almost tore off my dress. He was still wearing his rather smart barman's clothes, including his neatly-tied dicky. I must admit, though, it was his *real* dicky I wanted to get my hands – and my tongue – on.

Long Nails

I didn't waste any time in doing just that. I sucked on it until it grew really big and then I leaned back, standing against the wall as he slid it straight in me. He pumped his hard, throbbing cock in and out of my slippery pussy as I dug my long nails into his flesh under his shirt.

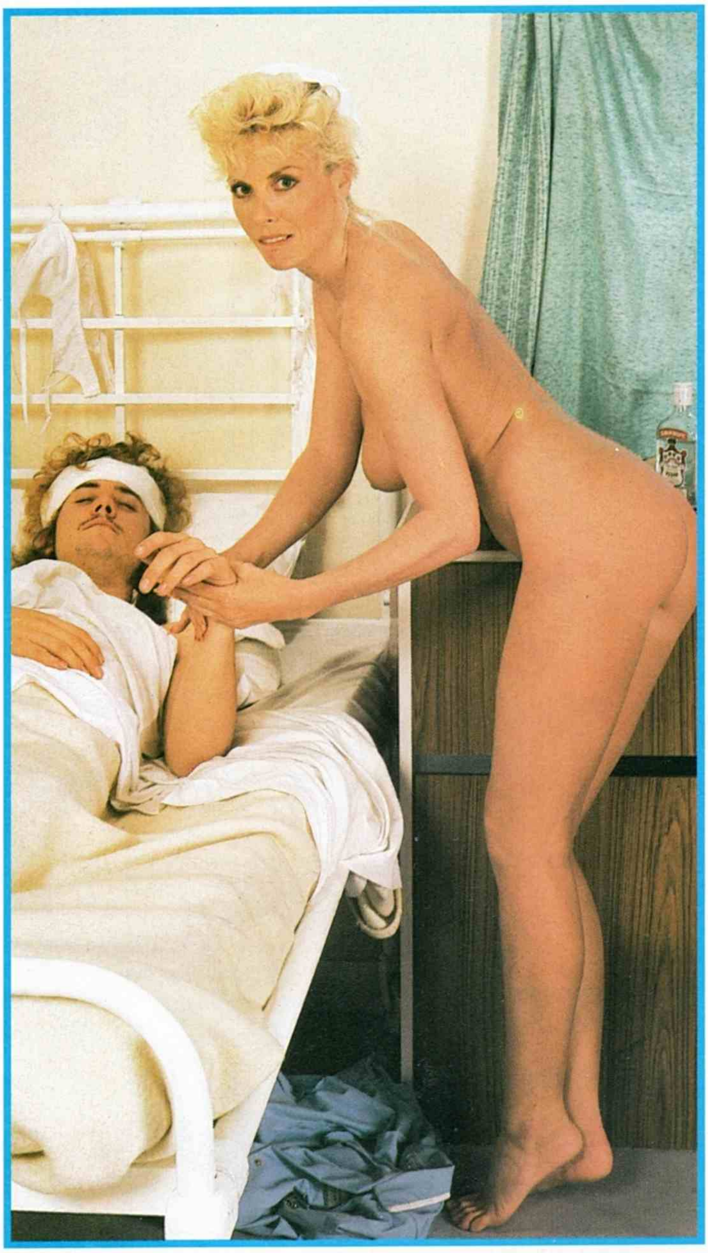
We slid down on to the floor, and he sat astride me as I kneeled up with my back against the wall. We fucked like crazy until we collapsed on to the carpet. We were still hard at it, writhing around all over the place. You should have seen the state of my back, what with all that hard pumping and sprawling all over the carpet. But it was definitely worth it.

I never learn, though, do I? The next night I was at it again, this time at Angel's place. We were bonking all over the floor, with naked bodies lying everywhere. The other barman, Billy, was a fabulous screw as well, although half the time I didn't know who was fucking who!

I'm suffering for it now, mind. I wish Angel really *was* a nurse, then maybe she could have done something about the horrible carpet burns all over my back...

After my sore back healed up,

SMIRNOFF
VODKA



I had to pose for the pictures to accompany my naughty natterings. That was great fun. The gentleman sprawled over the cocktail bar with maraschino cherries stuck in every orifice isn't really a barman at all. He is really a rather flash businessman called Howard, with a flourishing wine company. Luckily, Howard had the foresight to bring along some of his wares with him. Very nice stuff, too, and it really put us all in the right mood to get in some good, fun pictures.

Hunky Howard was a real gem, even though he absolutely detested cherries. And yet, in our photographs, he couldn't seem to get enough. It's funny what a fella will do to get in a men's magazine!

Most photo sessions are great fun, but there is the odd exception; like, for instance, the time I had to lie in a bath full of custard, outside a pub in central London, for almost an hour. All the custard powder had settled right at the bottom of the bath and was squidging up inside my tiny bikini bottoms. Very weird. Goodness only knows what the pictures were actually for. Custard fetishists, I suppose!

Don't laugh – I'm sure there really are pudding fetishists about: I've done quite a few jobs along that line, what with being bombarded with trifle for a TV programme once, not to mention various jelly-wrestling events.

Anyway, not so long ago, I was booked along with Marie Harper from *Razzle* to have a custard pie fight. This spectacular event was to take place on a stage at a stag evening in front of about 400 expensively-dressed businessmen. The organizers seemed a bit of a cheapskate lot and didn't bother getting any custard, just cans and cans of shaving foam. And, surprisingly enough, our fight got just a little out of hand!

We started off when the DJ put on some loud, raunchy music. We tore at each other's clothes until we were starkers, surrounded by cans of shaving foam. With our maniacal spraying techniques, we soon covered each other from head to toe in sticky foam, slipping around all over the place.

Pretty soon, even that wasn't enough for us, so we started moving out into the audience and jumping on to the tables to continue our fight. You should have seen the rush – not to get a closer look at two naked ladies sliding around on the tables, but to get out of the way. These smart gents didn't want to have their suits covered in shaving foam because they'd probably told their wives they were just putting in a bit of overtime at the office!

Well, that's another masterpiece over and done with, men. I'll be back next month with more of my amorous adventures, so I'll see you then. ♣

Linzi

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Letters to Linzi

Dear Linzi,
I find the correspondence surrounding your (sometimes) shaved appearance most interesting.

I myself have been shaved for three years now. Believe it or not, my sister (and Chief Bridesmaid!) put the girls up to it on my hen night: they lathered, shaved, creamed and powdered me. Frankly, I didn't dare move (well, fancy walking down the aisle with an Elastoplast stuck on "it"), so I went along with it. Anyway, with the mix of drinks I'd had, you could say the operation was carried out under anaesthetic! I got my own back, though, when I persuaded the girls to "do" my sister, too.

We had a giggle getting into our dresses before the wedding the next day. Mum wanted to help, but I managed to get my panties on first before she "helped". We were still giggling even in the church.

But we died laughing at the reception, and nobody knew why. The car carrying Nic, my new husband, was nearly in a collision on the way to the church – and when the Best Man (who was, of course, with him) joked about "a close shave before the wedding", Paula and I doubled up, both of us sitting there pubeless.

Nic loved it on our wedding night, and has kept me "soft and bare" ever since. He loves to shave me, and I just love everything about it – the "laying-out" of the things he needs (soap, brush, razor, talc, cream, towels); the nice, warm lather around – and in – my pussy.

He also makes me yell with joy as the brush goes to work. As the razor "smooths away my cares", I could swoon. When it's all over, his cock is so hard, long and thick, I just have to have it – and then again and again. The poor bloke isn't fit for anything the next day (aren't men such weaklings?).

By the way, I've tried depilatory creams, and the effect lasts much longer. Nic was cross when he discovered it made it weeks between shaves, but I must confess it's quicker, smoother and more effective. EVERY hair goes, and a soft down replaces it. There's none of the stubble you yourself object to.

It's especially useful for keeping Nic in line if he's been naughty – I use it, and he has to wait till my whiskers grow again before he can perform his "Demon Barber" act, as he calls it! You can bet I usually get my own way – my wardrobe bulges, my jewel box is crammed, and my cosmetic and perfume shelves look like a department store.

Now, when one is "whiskerless", it's much, much nicer to use crotchless pants. You were silly enough – so you say – to use tights. That's like being given a new car and locking it in the garage. Surely we girls know – if you've got it, use it! Nic often gooses me, and if I were in mundane panties, he'd have them off me so fast, I'd have friction burns down my legs.

Ah, well – nice "meeting" you, Linzi. I've never written like this before – don't suppose I will again – but I look forward to seeing more of you.

Christine, Shrewsbury

Sounds like you have a lot of fun with your shaven haven, Christine. I'm surprised you don't like the idea of wearing tights against your bald pussy, though; I loved it. Mind you, it's a good thing we girls don't all get turned-on by the same things, as we'd all be after the same fella!

Dear Linzi,
Last September, when I was out of work, I decided to take up nude modelling at the local art schools.

I managed to earn a few quid, even though the rate of pay for a nude model in the 'life' class is only £3.50 per hour. It was quite a turn-on posing nude in front of some of those gorgeous girl art students – I must admit I managed to keep myself under control, and only once had an erection in front of class!

That was the time when there were only two girls present, as the rest of the class failed to return from the pub at lunch time. In my sitting pose, I started to talk to the girls about how I was always worried about getting a hard-on in class. When I asked them what their reaction would be if I were to suddenly sport an erection, they calmly said they would just draw it.

This sent my mind wandering. Slowly but surely, my cock started to rise. Very soon, I was sitting rock steady in front of the girls with my circumcised cock rising like a flag pole. On talking to them further, I found out male models usually wear a posing pouch; I was the first completely nude male model they had seen.

I asked them if they would prefer me to cover up, but they preferred the opportunity to draw a male body minus a posing pouch. I told them it suited me fine, too, as I really feel uncomfortable having to parcel my cock and balls into such a restrictive little triangle. I said I only had a couple of inches to cover up (even if there was considerably more than that on show at the time!), so it hardly seemed worth the bother. What I didn't tell them was how much I was looking forward to the end of the class so I could do something about my hard-on . . .

Fred, Birmingham

Seems you did the right thing by letting it all hang out, Fred. And I know exactly what you mean about those posing pouches – not only do you have to cram your nuts in, they look pretty silly as well!

Dear Linzi,
I thought of you on the snooker table (Vol 15 No 10). My wife used to call me "Jumbo Balls". When they were taut she used to Brylcreem them, kneel between my legs and play billiards with them. She was very good at cannons; and, after a long break, she really gave my knob a good pull. She used to wank me off like she was shaking the bottom out of a sauce bottle.

The wife could be a great tease. She was very good at tucking her hand between my legs while I was asleep. She would whisper into my ear: "Open your legs, dearest." I seemed to sense a nice feeling, and obeyed her order. She had that way of seizing my penis in a very gentle, but workmanlike, way. In minutes, I came my load as I slept.

That was a long time ago, however. For the last five years, the wife's been on a "no sex, please". She got very bored with it, yet there was the time when we could hardly keep out of bed. Sex is still very important to *me*, and certainly not a chore. I am not the celibate type, but I don't want to go with women off the streets.

My wife's attitude is all the more regrettable when I bring to mind all the things we used to get up to. When we were courting, she was a red-hot necker – we used to have marathon sessions. She also had a habit of sitting with her legs wide open, showing a gap of flesh between her stockings and knickers. At times, I could see her ginger crop of fanny hairs.

I loved to get her on her back between the rhododendrons and undergrowth. I really was a naughty chap, with one hand on her tits, the other tugging at her suspenders.

The recent physical turn-off was a great shock to me. To improve my excitement I started taking Club: seeing all those dolly birds is a pure delight – and with no less an authority than Linzi, I'm in my seventh heaven! *Boney John, Walsall*

I do sympathize with your plight, John. Rest assured that, until you can bring the wife around to your way of thinking again, I'll be here doing my best for you every month. ♣

Listen, lads; I love sending you signed piccies of Yours Truly, but demand, as they say, is proving to be overwhelming. So, from now on, any requests for pictures *must* be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope (at least 10"×8"). This means I'll be able to send them off much quicker, so it's good news for everybody!

club Portrait

"...I end up at Ishiama's Karate School, where Elvis Presley was training as well–a good enough reason to persist through to black belt stage..."

Alan McKenzie talks to Ingrid Pitt

Ingrid Pitt's list of achievements makes Indiana Jones sound like a wimp. Actress, TV show host, stuntwoman, East Berlin escapee, accomplished linguist, TV producer, karate black belt, aircraft pilot, mother and, most recently, author of *Katarina* (Methuen – £9.95), a novel which draws from her early experiences in a concentration camp. For all that diversity, Ingrid is probably best known for her portrayals of beautiful vampires with a taste for virgin blood in the Hammer horror film cycles of the '70s, most notably *The Vampire Lovers* and *Countess Dracula*. It is as if film-makers have always wished to put her good looks to bad use.

She was born on a train as her family were trying to escape from Nazi Germany in the winter of 1937. Her early arrival attracted the attention of the police and her father was arrested and sent to a labour camp. She spent the early years of her life in camps in Poland and was reunited with her father by the Red Cross in Berlin when she was 12. Ten years later she joined a Berlin theatre company, The Berliner Ensemble, and appeared in several stage plays. But after the Berlin Wall was built in 1961, she escaped to the West by swimming across the icy waters of the River Spee one night in October of that year.

From West Berlin, Ingrid Pitt went to the United States, where her daughter Steffanie was born. She continued her theatre career in the States, but by 1964, she had emigrated to Spain. At her first bullfight, she was so overcome with the violence of the spectacle, she was reduced to tears. A friend snapped her picture and the photo appeared on the front page of the Spanish daily paper *El Pueblo*. The picture was spotted by film director Ana Mariscal, and Ingrid was offered a part in the movie, *The Splendour of Andalucia*. More movie parts followed. Though she already spoke German, Russian, Italian, French and English, Ingrid worked night and day to perfect her Spanish. She eventually joined the National Theatre of Spain and hosted her own TV show.

Stunt Woman

Ingrid left Spain after union problems blocked her acting career, returning to the United States where she appeared in many TV shows and the feature film *Where Eagles Dare*. She returned to Spain for one last play, then settled in England, where she proceeded to play the vampire for Hammer.

By the mid-70s, Ingrid was concentrating more on her writing, but her acting career is by no means over. It seems only fair, for instance, that in her own written version of the Dracula legend, after all he has put her through, that she should turn him into a vegetarian.

It seems Ingrid Pitt has lived enough for two lives . . .

I read somewhere that you spent part of your early life in Spain as a flamenco dancer. Is that true?

No . . . I didn't. But I started my film career in Spain. And when that wasn't too successful – for all kinds of reasons – I worked as a stunt woman, sometimes. I had my own programme on Spanish television, called *Aqui España* and we had a lot of flamenco dancers in the show. I naturally became interested and trained as a flamenco dancer in Seville, with a man called El Cojo, one of the best teachers of flamenco. It helps the circulation, but it knocks hell out of your ankles.

Is it true you got your first part in a film when your picture was published in a Spanish newspaper, crying at a bullfight?

Yes, I had just come to Spain the week before. And I was invited to this bullfight by a photographer called Cesar Lucas. He took my picture as I was sitting on the barreras, crying my eyes out for this bull. And it appeared on the cover of *El Pueblo*, Spain's leading daily newspaper. I still have the picture. A woman director called Ana Mariscal was looking for a mad American tourist to play one of the leads in this film. I took a crash course in Spanish and there I was, a full-blown Spanish film star. Later I became a member of the *Teátro Nacional de España*, the National Theatre of Spain. Union problems caused a certain amount of tackiness and as the alternatives were to marry a Spaniard or get lost, I left for the States.

Tell us a little about your Spanish TV show.

It was a variety programme . . . like the *Des O'Connor Show* here. We had people like Julio Inglesias. I must say that the first time I met him I said to myself: "Here's a man that won't go far!" He was very earnest and was always asking what he should do. I suggested: "Learn English." I'm not sure if he followed my suggestion or not. We also had Raphael, people like that. Then we had footage from bullfights, little excerpts of what was going on around Spain. And I was the *locutora* . . . a sort of hostess.

You mentioned earlier you worked as a stunt person . . .

Yes, whenever I didn't have any money.

So what sort of stunts did you do?

Just horses . . . and falling down stairs. Not anything extraordinary. When you're young and careless, you do these things.

You also learned some karate.

I did that in Hollywood. The first time I went there would have been around 1966, for a screen test, which was a bit of a hoax. When I arrived, there were men's suits in the cupboard. And I didn't like that. So I ended up cooking spaghetti in a restaurant. Even so, I did get a film out of it. I made a film in the Phillipines called *The Omegans* for a producer called Willy Wilder.

The second time I went to Hollywood, I lived in Doheeny Drive. The surrounding streets were alive with muggers, and the cops took a dim view of pedestrians. And that's how I ended up in Ishiama's Karate School, where Elvis Presley was training as well – a good enough reason to persist through to black belt stage.

Do you still train?

I have a sensei over here called Enoida. He's one of the best in the world – a ninth dan. He did the intro for one of the Bond films. Very occasionally, when I'm feeling masochistic, I have a workout and collect an interesting crop of bruises.

Have you ever had to use karate?

Alas, no! Coming home late one night I thought someone was following me across Richmond Deer Park, but it turned out to be the local vicar. Then, one time at home, I heard an almighty *THUD* from next door. Our neighbours were away. I ran outside and jumped over the shrubs with a well-rehearsed "KAIEEE!" The burglar hardly turned a hair. He smiled, a dirty great jemmy in his hand and said, cool as you like: "Ah, does Mr Harris live here?" Like a twit, I said: "No." The guy said: "Ah! I must have the wrong address," and turned and walked away.

By the time I had recovered and called to my husband to cut him off at the front, he was away. I called the police and they went through their Starsky and Hutch routine but I never did get the chance to land a Masai Geri in anger.

Colourful Episodes

All the same, your life has hardly been short on colourful episodes. Isn't it true, for example, that you swam out of East Berlin?

True. It was all on *Newsnight* on the 25th anniversary of the building of the Berlin Wall. The BBC did an interview with me at my house. They had a number of escapees telling their tales of derring-do and I was one of them.

That experience was useful in one of your later TV appearances, wasn't it?

Yes, very appropriate, because it was an episode about an Olympic swimmer who had escaped from East Germany. When I did that, I had one day off because of laryngitis. I couldn't have spoken if I'd wanted to. That was the day I met Brian Hutton, the film director. And I could only whisper to him. I had been playing poker with Yakima Canutt two nights before, and he told me about *Where Eagles Dare* (1969).

That's the legendary Yakima Canutt, supposedly the greatest stuntman that ever lived?

Yes. He was wonderful! He said: "Look, you ought to go up for this. There's a part that suits you right down to the ground." I did the screen test in England and got the part.

I don't remember you doing any action stuff in that movie . . .

You're right! They never even gave me a gun. They had Mary Ure do all the shooting. I was very sad about that, because I wanted to shoot guns. They wouldn't even let me jump out of the cable-car. Anyway, it was a good part and it was a great film. That film will be around forever.

The cable-car stunt sticks out in the memory particularly.

Especially, I remember stuntman Alf Joint making the jump from one cable car to the other. On the first take, the camera broke loose and fell into the valley, so he had to do the leap a second time. It was pretty hair-raising stuff.

Didn't that film open out your career quite a bit?

Well, after I did *Where Eagles Dare*, we had a big opening in Las Vegas. I had a phone call around that time from my agent in Hollywood to say: "Don't stay at that opening for a film you've already done. Come at once, I've got a TV series lined up for you." And I said: "Television . . . Pfff!" and snapped my fingers at the idea of doing television after working with Richard Burton and Clint Eastwood. Lesson number 1: Never snap your fingers and under no circumstances say, "Pfff!"

But it was at this point you starred in Roman Polanski's* The Vampire Lovers. *Was this your first contact with horror? Because it seems to run through your career from that moment on.

Not really. The film I did in the Phillipines, *The Omegans*, was really the first horror film I did. In England, certainly, the Hammer films were my introduction to it.

I like the Hammer horror films because they had good . . . plots. *The Vampire Lovers* was based on a short story by Sheridan Le Fanu, and *Countess Dracula* was a nice script, too. I think maybe it was mistitled. It wasn't a myth. It was based on a real woman, the Countess Elizabeth Bathony, who massacred the young girls who sought sanctuary in her castle. She seemed to find the whole idea of spilling blood very funny.

The Vampire Lovers *changed the face of horror movies by including nudity for the first time. But then the whole vampire legend is very sexual, isn't it?*

Well, yes. But when people said to me it was a lesbian film, I thought that was a bit over the top.

Why didn't you do the sequel?

I don't think I was asked to do it. Or if I was asked, the scripts must have been diabolical. I can't really remember.

I think the horror scene went a bit dodgy about that time. The Dracula theme is a good romp with lashings of garlic and tomato ketchup. I've got a spoof vampire book with the publishers right now. It's called *Dracula Who . . . ?* and it trots out all the old vampire lore with a new twist. I think it's hilarious. You've got your own problems.

Speaking of wobbly scripts, you have a* Doctor Who *show among your credits.

I did two *Doctor Whos* as an actress, and I wrote one. The one I wrote, they haven't done, so far. In the first of the two, *The Time Monster*, I was the Queen of Atlantis. Then I did another about sea monsters.

Let's talk a little about* Wicker Man? *It was heavily censored, wasn't it?

Cut rather than censored. Christopher Lee had a lot to do with the filming, the writing of the script, and the production. He had enormous passages of dialogue in it. He can learn lines in the time it takes a person to snap their fingers. It's great for him to talk a lot. I'm not so keen on talking a lot in a film. I think it ought to be more visual. I get bored. If I want to hear a lot of dialogue, I go to the theatre. I think British Lion, the film company, felt the movie had too much dialogue and they cut it down. I don't think anything much was lost. Some of my stuff was cut, but I don't care. I think it made a more compact film. Perhaps Christopher Lee had a different opinion. The film was very dear to him.

There's a funny story goes with that film, though. It was shown on TV a few years ago, while my daughter was at boarding school. And, of course, being my daughter,

Photographs by Charles Haydn

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she told everyone and they all got together in the TV room at the school. The teachers were there, almost all the students, watching the telly. And the film starts with this frantic scene of couples copulating naked in a cemetery . . . well, you can imagine. She was not popular, and her mother even less, with the teachers!

It was about this time that you went back to Argentina . . .

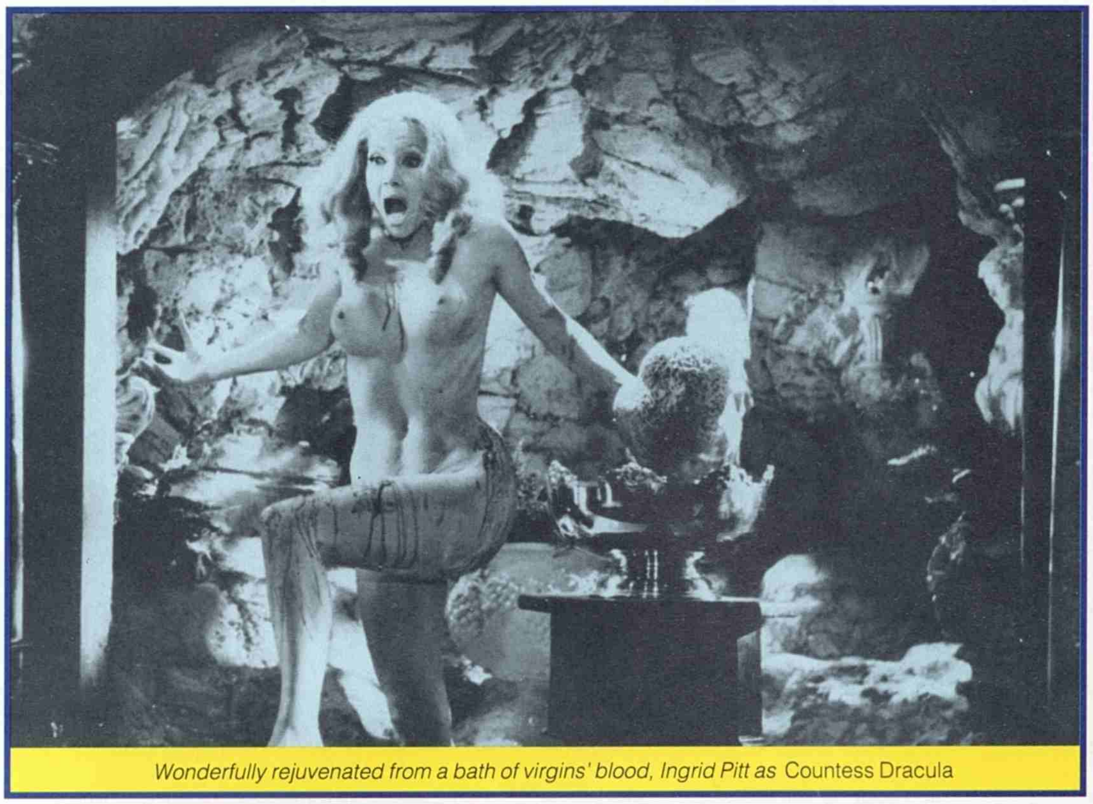
I had a really bad time after *The Wicker Man*, for personal reasons. It was in 1975/6 I went back to Argentina and set up a company, which was going to do a film called *The Last Enemy*, a television series called *Cuckoo Run*, another television series called *Gaucho Girl*, and all of it was going *wonderfully* well when they decided to have a revolution there! That was the end of that.

Pigeon Tango

We managed to get a flight out, which was miraculous, and on the way home – it was one of those flights that stopped everywhere – I said to my husband: "I'm going to write *Cuckoo Run* as a book." And I swear to God, if he hadn't sighed and looked up at the ceiling, I wouldn't have done it. But I did and it was published in 1980, my first book. Now, I'm trying to do it as a film.

If you sold* Cuckoo Run *as a movie, would you play Nina?

I'd love to play Nina, but it's taking so long that I'm rapidly becoming too old to play her. We would have to call her "Nana" and play her as a granny.



Wonderfully rejuvenated from a bath of virgins' blood, Ingrid Pitt as Countess Dracula

I've done a sequel since, called *Pigeon Tango*, and I'd like to publish *Cuckoo Run* and *Pigeon Tango* in one volume. I'm going to do it. I've just decided!

Your determination is obvious.

Determination's easy. Starving's the hard part.

Ingrid Pitt just shows her teeth in an episode from The Vampire Lovers

Did you ever go back to Argentina?

We went back to Argentina after the revolution. We went back only to find the people we had worked with had gone to Venezuela, and the underlings were now the bosses. So we left and went to Brazil.

Did you find work in Brazil?

That was the idea. At least that was my husband's explanation for going there. When we arrived I found out it just happened to be the week of the Formula One Grand Prix. My husband used to be in that scene and had got his appetite whetted again in Buenos Aires a couple of weeks before. It was old home week with the boys.

Meanwhile, what did you do?

Laid back and enjoyed it.

Brazil is all part of Nina Dalton and *The Cuckoo Run*. We went to a restaurant one night with some of the racing drivers: John Watson, James Hunt and Alain de Cadinet. There was a Nazi reunion going on, all "Seig Heils" and dewy eyes for the dear dead days beyond recall. The band were well into the Horst Wessel song, and other music that went well with jackboots and heel-clicking, so I couldn't restrain myself from asking for *Hananagila*. James, who's not usually remembered for his prudence, remembered a telephone call he had to make back at the hotel, and left.

Parts Unknown

The manager tried for the last laugh when he presented us with the bill. His little joke was to charge us the national debt for a couple of bottles of indifferent, imported Portuguese wine, instead of the cheaper, better local wine of the same name.

Pitt was in there like a shot. My husband and John looked as if they'd wished they'd left with James Hunt, but Alain gave full vocal support. Next thing I know, we're in the Brazilian equivalent of a Black Maria, heading for parts unknown.

The midnight court we ended up in was pure Casablanca. The judge was a sweaty, pint-sized Sidney Greenstreet in a white suit, and behind him stood, I swear, Roland Gilbert, black 'tache, toothpaste smile and pearl-handled revolver very much in evidence. I was the only one with a passport on me and, more important, the only one who could speak even a smattering of Portuguese.

Black Maria

We went and stood on an open dais in front of the bench, a bit like the opening of *Superman the Movie*, and the restaurant owner gave his reasons for wanting us to become another Saõ Paulo crime statistic. When it was my turn, my husband whispered: "Remember the Queen!" Alain was more practical: "Remember your tits!" was his advice.

Anyway, the judge was a bit peeved that the restaurant manager was peddling Portuguese rotgut to the detriment of home sales and let us off. It was great going back to the Sheraton Hotel. The Saõ Paulo police couldn't believe it when we asked them to run us back in the Black Maria. We arrived outside the hotel to a wail of sirens and a good deal of speculation. Most people taken in by the Brazilian police either disappear or spend a long time counting their bruises.

It seems like you've spent the last few years chained to the typewriter . . .

Chained to it? I sometimes think I'm married to it! It's not just the books. In a way, they're easy. You just slump there and let your fingers do the walking. With scripts, it's murder. All those spacings and indentations. There must be a better way of breaking fingernails.

As an actress best known for horror and now a writer of horror stories, what scares you?

My bank manager, not catching the last post and the thought that some day someone is going to come up to me in the supermarket and say: "Didn't you used to be Ingrid Pitt?" ♣

VICKY

Photographs by Charles Haydn

BEAVER BANGER'S BONANZA

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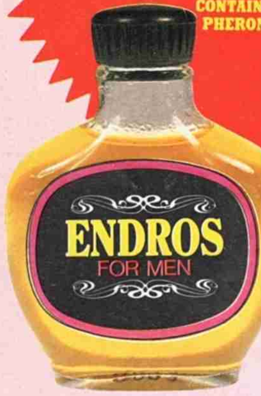

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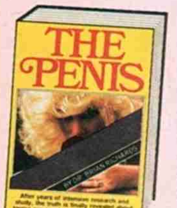

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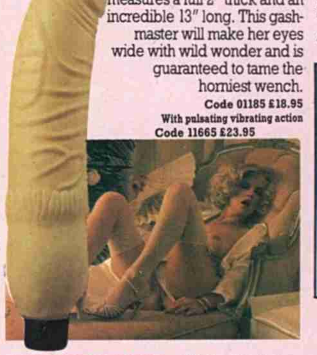

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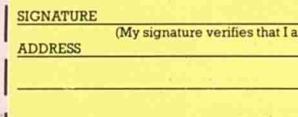

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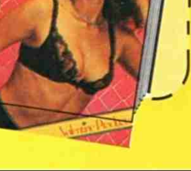
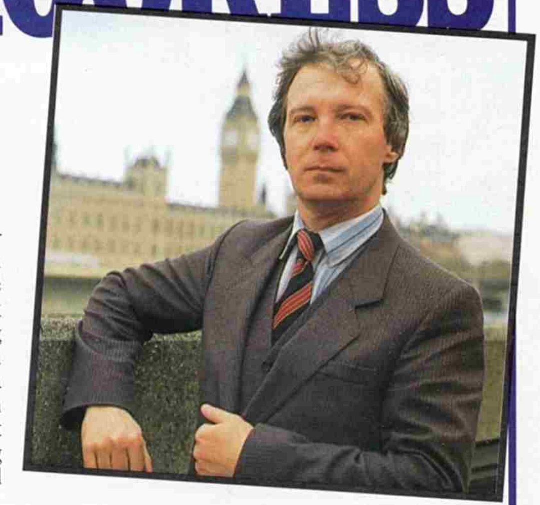


HPABCSH

PILBEAM'S PROGRESS

A WEEK IN POLITICS – Part 7

Notes towards the autobiography of a working politician.
Dictated by ERNEST PILBEAM MP (left on a bus by Ms Cheryl Pagge and picked up by TYM MANLEY).



EDITOR'S NOTE: IN PREPARING THESE HISTORIC DOCUMENTS FOR THE PRESS, WE HAVE TAKEN GREAT CARE TO ADHERE CLOSELY TO THE ORIGINAL. THE EXPRESSION "(EXDEL)" INDICATES WHERE AN EXPLETIVE HAS BEEN DELETED. "TITSYPOOH" IS PILBEAM'S PET NAME FOR MS PAGGE (HIS SECRETARY AND PRIVATE ASSISTANT). "PIGGY" IS HER PET NAME FOR HIM. YEUCH!

Monday:

At last I've discovered the dark secret of the Labour Party. It's totally contemptuous of ordinary people! All this emphasis on controlling our lives – taking away our money and spending it on the things that are good for us. It's not because they think it'll be more efficient. In fact they've proved it isn't. They just feel they know better than us poor ignorant (exdels). Lot of (exdel) schoolteachers out to make Britain one big classroom – with the teacher class in control.

I am musing on these things after reading one (exdel) good opinion poll from the constituency, taken after the voters had digested the Party Conferences. I'm streets ahead! Would have been harder if Red Len had opted to run against me, but he went to a doddle constituency in inner London. So they've shipped in a well-meaning, whey-faced Polytechnic lecturer, name of Smith. Think he'll appeal to the rich wets down around the old dock area. He may, but that won't be enough. My vote is solidly working class. Even the local Labour people have given him up, in private.

"Down here we like an MP with balls," old Arthur Myrrel told a GSPUX meeting last week. Adding: "We know Ernie Pilbeam's got balls. We've *seen* them!"

Anyway, I doubt Len would have had much chance after that disastrous conference of theirs. Talk about a PR exercise backfiring – this one farted in their faces.

I mean, really! If you start hauling down the hammer and sickle and painting the people's flag a greyish pink, what are folk going to think? That you're up to something pretty bloody barstodious, that's what they'll think! And with Labour's defence policy (a big white flag with "WE SURRENDER" on it) and Boy Fattersley mumbling about giving money to all his voters without getting *any* of it from them – when any ten-year-old with a pocket calculator can see he's lying. Fat Chance!

And then there was the good old Alliance. A real pain in the bypass that was going to be. But suddenly there *is* no Alliance. I mean, you can't actually compromise on nuclear weapons, can you? Either you have them like Big Dave wants, or you don't – which Little Dave's mob demand. Can't say: "Look, let's just have a little one and promise not to let it off," can you?!

All in all, I'm very pleased. Not least because I'm on a Parliamentary junket to Japan for ten days, starting tomorrow.

Pity it couldn't have taken in Christmas, too, but you can't have everything. And almost two weeks out of the recess is wonderful. Keeps me away from the damn electorate, always wanting me to do some (exdel) thing or other. Can't they look after themselves?

Leave out that last bit, Titsypoohs.

Tuesday:

Odd place, Nippon. Slot machines all over the shop. They sell dirty books with the rude bits taken out. Everything there except the sodding (exdel). Odd idea of human sexuality this lot would give your visiting Martian, Titsypoohs.

No odder than they'd get peeping in on us some nights, Piggy! – Titsy.

They also get their Scotch out of the slots. (exdel) Nips pissed all the time and throw up everywhere. Bit like the House on a Tuesday night, really.

But the best thing about Japan is the Japanese girl. What lovely little beauties! No tits, of course, but they think European men have huge (exdels). Yes, Titsy, even me! Mr Quality himself!!

EDITOR'S NOTE: PILBEAM'S NICKNAME AMONGST THE FEMALE STAFF AT WESTMINSTER IS "MR QUALITY NOT QUANTITY".

They seem very attracted to me. They call me a hairy barbarian and gasp with awe at the size of my (exdel). Now I know what a West Indian feels like at a Belgravia dinner party!!

Tomorrow we're off on a sightseeing tour of Japan, courtesy of Mr Wantamotajon – President of the Nippinantakova Company, which makes everything from microchips to mega-tankers. Should be fun.

Sunday:

Titsypoohs! What a week that was! You would have loved it! We went everywhere, no expense spared. And we all got laid! Even Cora Flance!

EDITOR'S NOTE: MS FLANCE IS PARLIAMENTARY PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE SHADOW MINISTER OF SOCIAL STANDARDS. MS FLANCE IS MOST TACTFULLY DESCRIBED AS A CAREER PERSON WITH THE NEEDS OF WOMEN UPPERMOST IN HER MIND.

The high point was a Geisha House which they've renovated down in the south. While the others were going through yet another (exdel) tea ceremony, me and Ms Nippy (which is what I call my interpreter) sloped off on our own. She showed me the most amazing swing. It's just two loops of rope, really. The girl sits in it, a thigh in each loop, and you swing her. Then you stand in front and catch her hoopla on your peg! Nippy demonstrated. And after a few swings it was up with the kimono and we were at it for real. Very exciting. We must set one up in your flat, Tits.

But it led to disaster. I was just standing there, wondering at my catching ability, when I heard a shutter click behind me. I jumped aside. Just in time to get one of Nippy's heels right in my (exdels). Ooooh! Titsy! I almost blacked out. And it was just

Pilbeam with latent admirers shooting high on a dummy run, complete with cork

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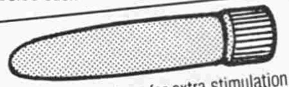

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Videos featured are available from Licensed Sex Shops (18R) and Stockists (18) in accordance with the VRA 1984 as well (I say this, you understand, in long retrospect – having proved to my satisfaction that no lasting damage was done). But it meant that I doubled up on the floor with my head between my legs so the (exdel) photographer got nothing he could use. Except for a picture of Nippy, of course. But she did the sensible thing – covered her face, and left her (exdel) more than fully-exposed. Nothing there any newspaper could print.

So we got away with it. Nothing in the Press, anyway. But it did lead to complications. I was on Japanese TV the next day and what with the pain and that sodding arrogant little (exdel) of an interviewer, I was maybe indiscreet. I had taken almost a whole bottle of Scotch, anyway, for medicinal purposes. Perhaps I went a mite too far. But I think I flannelled my way out of it.

EDITOR'S NOTE: THE FOLLOWING EXTRACT FROM THE TRANSCRIPT OF PILBEAM'S INTERVIEW SHOWS HIS POWER OF UNDERSTATEMENT. "A MITE TOO FAR" APPEARS TO BE A GOOD EXAMPLE OF LITOTES.

JTV – Transcript of interview with Ernest Pilbeam MP, conducted by Mr Autocuwa.

Pilbeam: I have had a simply wunnaful time in your wunnaful country, sampling your wunnaful Japanese tarts . . .
Autocuwa: Tarts?
Pilbeam: . . . and, er, that is, er, other traditional Jap puddings. I mean Japanese sweetmeats.
A: What can Britain learn from Japanese industry?
P: Dishipline, I s'pose. I mean putting the (exdels) up the workers. I mean, your companies own the poor sods from cradle to grave. A bit like fascism, really, Japanese industry. Like Hitler or that Nip Emperor, whatshisface?
A: Mistah Pilbeam!
P: Let me finish. I mean you pillocks lost the war, right? Lost your pride so you had to work to win the peace. Well, we wopped you once, nippo, and we'll do it again, one hand tied behind our backs. Can't see British workers singing company songs: what a load of (exdel)! Anyway, I had a Datsun once. What a rust bucket!! Fell to pieces . . .
A: CUT!

EDITORS NOTE: BY THIS STAGE PILBEAM HAD ACTUALLY STARTED USING THE WORD "EXDEL" INSTEAD OF HIS USUAL FOUL LANGUAGE. AT A LATER DATE HE EXPLAINED TO FOREIGN DIPLOMATS THAT IT WAS SHORT FOR "EXCELLENT DELEGATE". THIS HABIT, WHICH AROSE FROM WRITING THESE DIARIES, MAY BE SEEN BY HISTORIANS AS A MAJOR FACTOR IN PILBEAM'S RISE TO PROMINENCE IN THE COUNTRY.

The Diary Continued:
Anyway, they didn't use much of it. Just the first few lines, leaving out the reference to tarts – and the bit about Japanese industry being like fascism. Good Party stuff. I expect the PM will be pleased.

Home tomorrow. How dreary! Term begins next week.

Monday:
At 6.30 am, and me (exdel) jetlagged, that (exdel) phone rang and Margaret's sexy voice fluted across. I had to put the phone in the wardrobe to save my eardrums, but the message came though clear enough. Message read: "What the (exdel) do you mean insulting Japanese industry when Mr Wantamotajon is coming over to announce plans for a massive Nippinantakova plant in your own (exdel) constituency. A marvellous opportunity to mop up the unemployed car workers left after the demise of British Truck Ltd last year. The ceremony due to be fronted by our new wonderboy Minister for the Infrastructure (and teacher's pet) Mike (Old Peculiar) Thickston. You (exdel)!"

The Minister for Hard Beverages being directed to the House of Commons

"Fair dos, Maggs," I said. "No (exdel) told me. And, besides – they *are* fascists. You're supposed to be re-kindling the fire of British enterprise, you silly old (exdel)," I said, "so why do you want to hand half our car production over to a bunch of (exdel) slant-eyed nips, anyway?"

It pays to be direct with the PM.

"Because," she screeched. "Because, Ernest, the Japanese are the only people idiot enough to employ the sort of British working person who would vote for an (exdel) like you!

"Everyone else is frit scared of them," she added, in her native dialect, before she flung the phone out of the window.

She has a point. Makes me puke to say it, but we do need the jobs – even Nip jobs – in the constituency.

I remember when the Japs named a town Britain so they could put "made in Britain" on their trash. What are we coming to! I need a drink.

Tuesday:
A very odd meeting last night with 20 or so Labour councillors from two Northern constituencies. It concerned the sensitive matter of the Bongolese Council big wigs (the Leader in one area, the Deputy Leader in the other). Apparently, as soon as they got the top positions, these people started to dish out jobs and grants to all their friends and relations.

"Sounds to me," I said, "that they are doing just what you lot always do, except in a more direct manner."

They were furious about this. And, in retrospect, I suppose they're right. It is seldom you find a really corrupt councillor. Surprisingly seldom.

I didn't understand what they wanted me to do about it. As a Government MP I can hardly help in their own Party problems. But it was as a newspaper publisher they wanted to see me. They had all the evidence required to sink these Bongolese gents and they wanted me to publish it in the Pilbeam Press's various local rags. They must be desperate!

I don't have much sympathy with them. As I said: "Bongo-Bongo land is a very corrupt one-party state. Over there it is legitimate politics to make government profitable to yourself, your friends and relations. They're just doing their ethnic thing. And you're the people who are so all fired keen to import ethnic traditions over here. With your Hindoo festivals in schools instead of Christmas, your steel band grants and assegai-throwing on sports day. What's wrong with ethnic political traditions as well?"

They didn't follow. They don't really think, these people. Well, I said I'd do what I could. Don't mean to do anything at all, really. I want those idiot councils in power, at least until the election. I reckon Ken Livingstone gave us 50 seats in '84. But I will have the evidence set up and proofed (by my private staff) just in case.

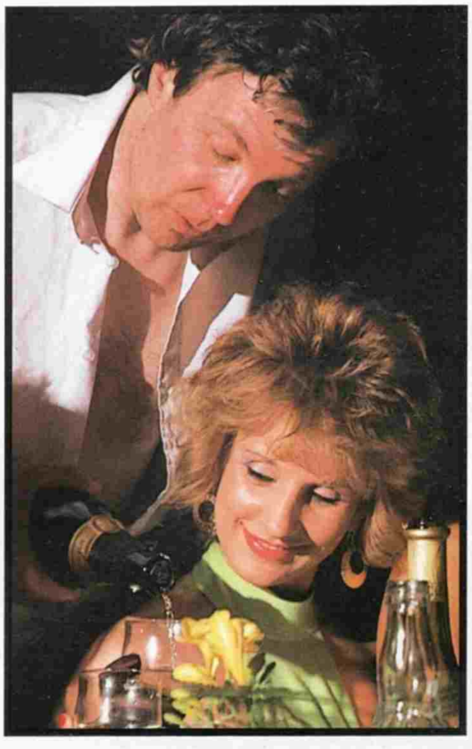
Wednesday:
Did you hear about the floozy in the House of Lords, Titsy? The story is she was doing some heavy lobbying on behalf of the nudist interest in the library when the TV johnnies moved in to film a new inmate's certification ceremony.

They came into the library just as old Lord Cardamon was engaging in intimate discussions of a delicate nature. Luckily everyone was in their fancy dress. So they managed to smuggle the floozy into the House under Lord C's skirts! She crouched there all through the ceremony and shuffled out again without being discovered.

No wonder Lord C's maiden speech was such a cracker!

Later: Disaster! I've just seen Mr Wantamotajon on TV. He's arrived to announce the planned motor plant. All smiles until the Press conference when that red blister from the Beeb asked him how he felt about "investing in the constituency of an MP who had publicly described Japanese business as fascist".

That clouded his little Nipponese glasses. Muttered that it must be looked into. If there was any doubt that Nippinantakova was unwelcome . . . move to another



Squalid topping-up ritual for a guest whose cup already runneth over

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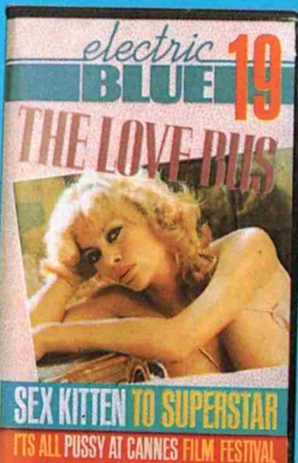
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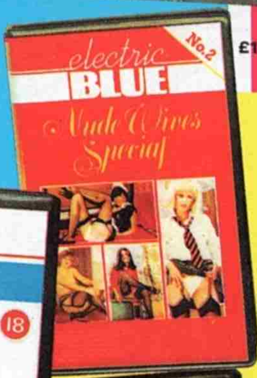
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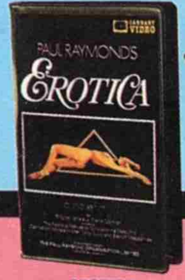
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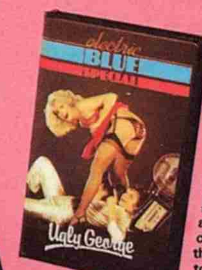
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area . . . or another European country. It will be headlines tomorrow, Titsypoohs. PILBEAM CONDEMNS 5000 TO DOLE! This will lose me a seat.

Just had the Press on the line. I said I'd been quoted out of context and misinterpreted.

"I said Japanese Industry was *totally caring!*" I yelled. "The interpreter misheard. He thought I said *totalitarian* and interpreted it as *fascist!*"

Inspirational, I thought. Good enough for the posh papers which enjoy crosswords and anagrams – no good in the populars, though: the Editors won't understand what I'm on about.

Just had the PM on the line. She was very soothing. Asked after my health. Whether I'd thought of retiring, that sort of thing. Very (exdel) comforting! I'm done for!

Thursday:

The headlines were not too bad. They reported the facts but played it down, giving equal prominence to my denials. Someone may have been doing a little lobbying. Not me, though. I didn't say a word to Bruce or Carl – that would have been disastrous. But they probably realized what I might print about *them* if they (exdelled) on me! Even Bruce's *Globe*, which usually goes for me, had NOT GUILTY SAYS ERN! Actually, my own papers were harder on me than most. My fault. I'd expected to be roasted and instructed them to be a little bit hostile – one does have to preserve the illusion that one's papers are independent.

But they all reported the fact that a committee had been set up to enquire into the matter, under that (exdel) Thickston, of course. I now know why. He's got a nephew looking for a constituency at the next election!

Incidentally, that was a great (exdel) we had last night, Titsypoohs. Cleared my mind wonderfully. Got all the zinc out of my system!

You're wonderful when you're worried, Piggy – Tits.

Later: Disaster strikes again! It's an (exdel) conspiracy! Got a call from Big Mouth Greg from ITV. Apparently the Activist Front's dirty tricks department have got the tape of my interview with Japanese TV. The whole thing. They're trying to pedal it round the TV companies, but it's far too hot for that lot to touch. It seems they're going to show it to journalists and members of Thickston's committee – tonight! Just in time to (exdel) up the Nipponese Arse-Licking ceremony tomorrow!!

Seems the Bongolese embassy in Tokyo got it for a prominent Activist councillor. That (exdel)!

EDITOR'S NOTE: THE TAPE STOPPED HERE. IT APPEARS THE MACHINE HAD BEEN THROWN AGAINST A WALL OR SIMILAR HARD SURFACE.

Friday:

Victory out of the jaws of defeat! I dictate this in the car on my way to a Press conference with Mr Wantamotajon on the eve of ceremonially declaring his wonderful new factory in Thames Marsh a reality, to the good of the people I humbly serve, my constituents.

EDITOR'S NOTE: PILBEAM SHARED WITH ALL POLITICIANS THE ABILITY TO BELIEVE WHOLEHEARTEDLY IN WHATEVER POLITICAL SHIFT THEY HAVE BEEN FORCED TO ACCEPT. THUS: "GIVING OUR CAR PRODUCTION TO A BUNCH OF SLANT-EYED NIPS" HAD BECOME: "A WONDERFUL SERVICE TO THE COMMUNITY" ALMOST OVERNIGHT.

It was the Bongolese connection that got me out of the (exdel). I suddenly realized I had the dirt on the very (exdels) who had the dirt on me. Blackmail the blackmailer who happened to be a black male. It was that simple. I rang Jill immediately and laid it on the line to her. She saw at once what it meant – not only to her activist group, but to the whole of her party. It would mean division, witch-hunts – gore all over the people's grey-pink rose. And just before a General Election!

Jill was in my office by 9pm with that bloody video tape. I gave her the signed evidence on corruption and that was that. I don't know why we bothered, really. I'm sure we both kept copies – I certainly did. But we just can't use them. It's called Assured Mutual Destruction, like with H-bombs.

But Jill seemed very excited by all the power games. She was bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. As we made our exchange of gifts she put on a funny American accent.

"Now let's fuck," she said.

And we did. Jill's certainly learned a lot since we split up!

EDITOR'S NOTE: MS JILL PILBEAM IS LEADER OF THE LABOUR GROUP ON PILTDOWN COUNCIL. THEY LIVE APART.

Better, Titsypoohs! They also had the naughty photos taken in that Geisha House. Me on the floor, kissing my knackers goodbye, Nippy on the swing showing her open personality and – in the background – Mr Wantamotajon having a meaningful exchange of screws with Cora Flance! Fact: Mrs Wantamotajon comes from a family of proud, erratic, Samurai. I think I can persuade him not to move his factory from the constituency, after all.

Saturday:

Very successful Press conference last night. A bit dodgy beforehand until I started discussing our Japanese holiday and showing Isao (that's his Buddhist name) my snaps.

"Vewy good likeness," he agreed. "By the way, don't think it necessawy English wokas sing company song." We cooked up a good story. Blamed the whole thing on the Japanese interpreter and a plot by the Activist Front to discredit me. Actually, the poor (exdel) who copped all the blame was little whey-faced Smith, the nonentity who's standing against me in the constituency. Now everyone thinks he's an Activist and plotted to discredit me at the expense of constituency jobs.

I expect he'll be de-selected.

Sunday:

The ceremony went well. (exdel) Thickston didn't show! I looked pretty good on the TV. Isao Wantamotajon said some very nice things about me. Afterwards we retired to my flat for a drink and an enjoyable foursome.

It was lovely for me to meet Nippy again. How did you find Mr Wantamotajon, Titsypoohs?

With a magnifying glass, Piggy! You better make it up to me tonight – T.P. ♣

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club Event

It doesn't matter what theme we major on in *Club Event* – mud, balloons, torn T-shirts, plastic macs, pillow fights – we never fail to hit the G-spot of at least one reader who regards that month's subject matter as his Main Thing.

"That's as maybe," we hear you say, "but you can't please all the people all the time." Well, forgive us for saying we think we might well have done just that this time around. Think how many G-spots we'll reach with this *Event*, which can be summed up in three short words: Girls In Uniform.

That's not all, though. How about this? How about five girls in FIVE different uniforms? And, even more, how about the girls all trying on some of each other's outfits? You can't believe it? Look at the pictures, buster . . .

You might notice there's one girl who stays in (or *nearly* in) the same uniform for almost the whole time – that's Heather in the St Trinian's-style gear. Heather would have been at home on the set of a St T. shoot, for more than one reason. For one, she has a reputation as a bit of a minx – a reputation which was readily enhanced during this *Event* – and she attended a public school where she had to wear a uniform similar to this every day. "I liked it then, and I like it now," she said.

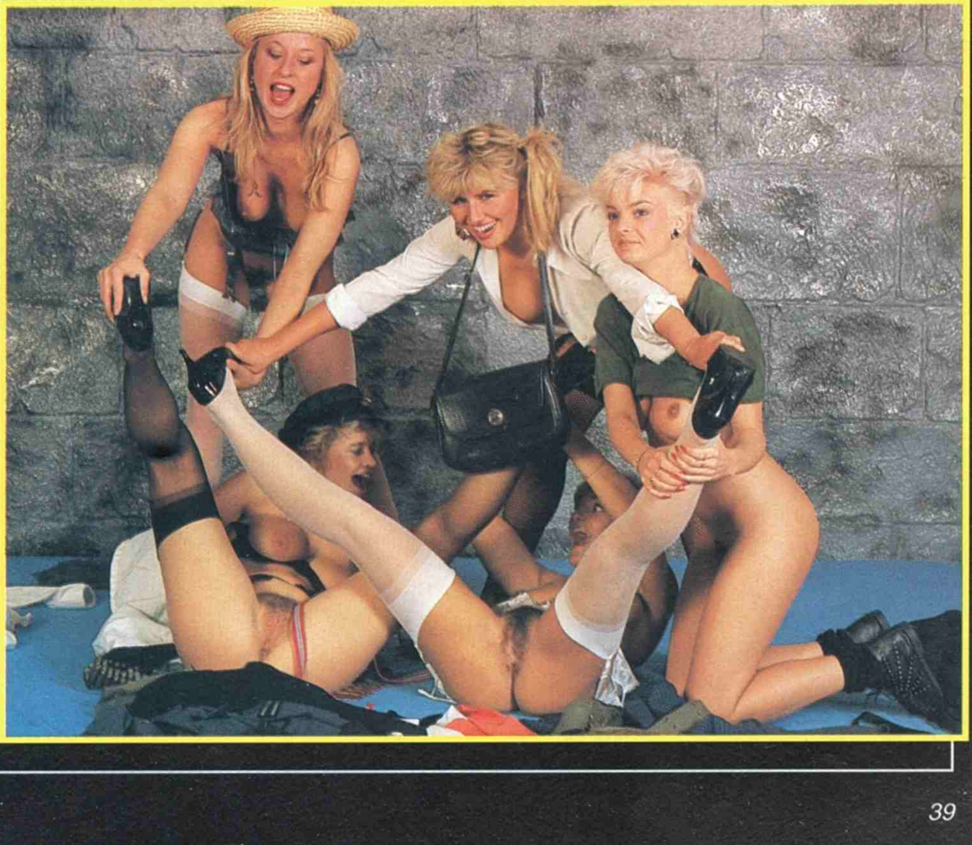
It has to be said, too, that the other girls all remarked how good they felt wearing their uniforms – in whatever combination. Girls, it seems, love dressing up. Go on – ask one.

"I once even thought about joining the Police simply because of the uniform," said Yvonne, to whom we gave the WPC outfit to start with. "Today, though, I can do things with my uniform I could never do if I joined up . . ."

So it would appear we did the girls a favour by kitting them out for a day and letting them indulge in their own little mix 'n' match session.

We don't think *you've* done too badly out of it, either. After all, how many men's magazines give their readers the chance to see so many naughty, sexy, uniform-wearing girls at one go?

Exactly.



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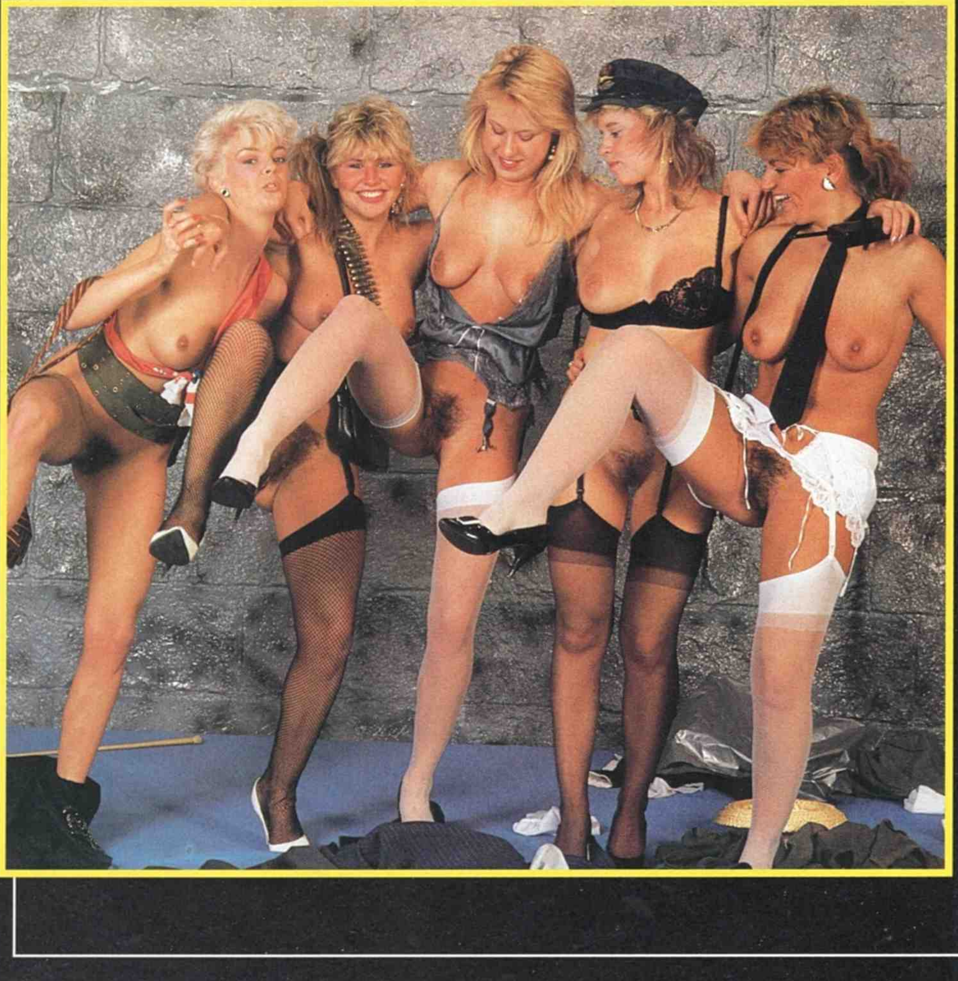
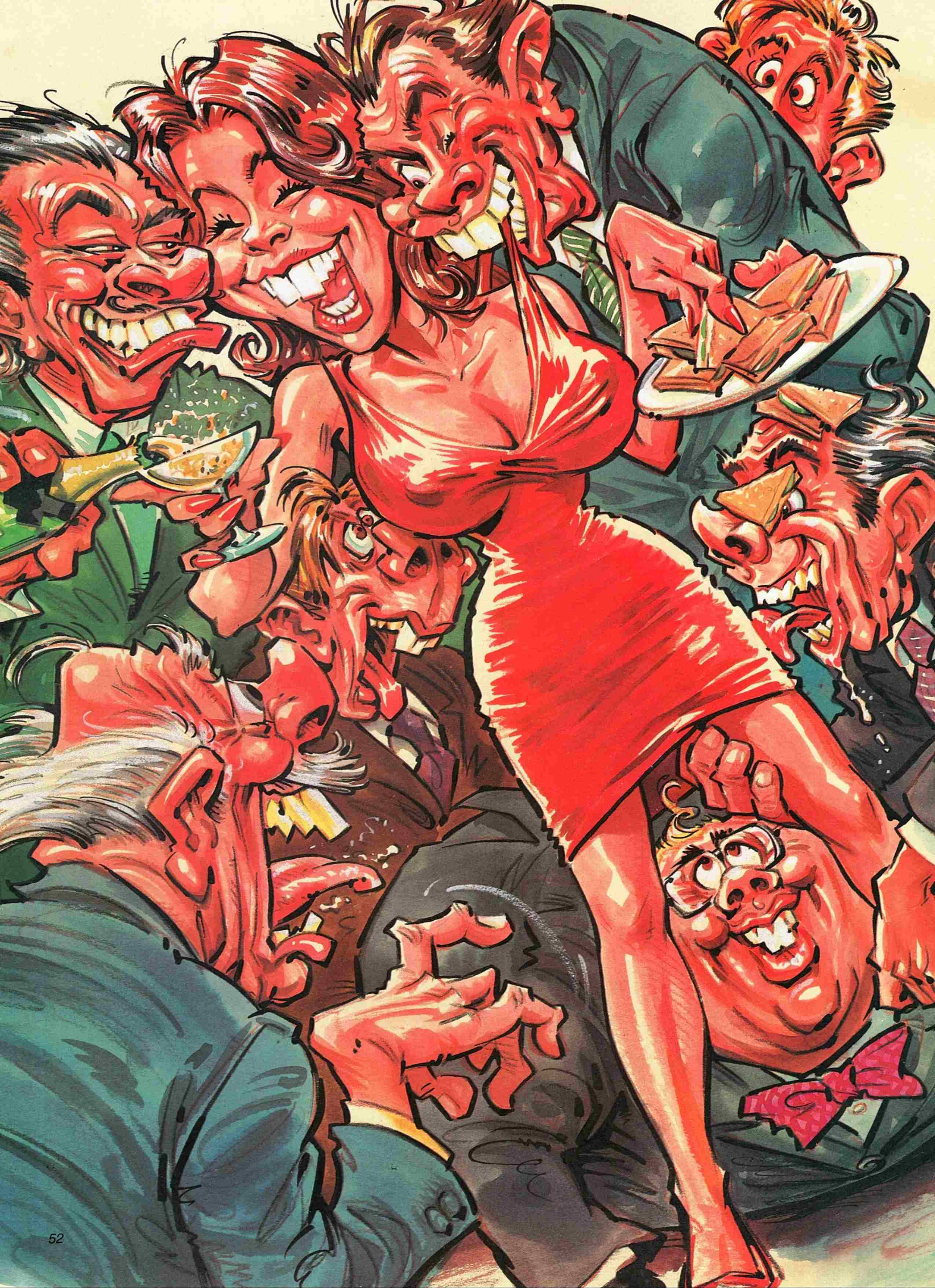


Danielle

Photographs by Ron Vogel

club



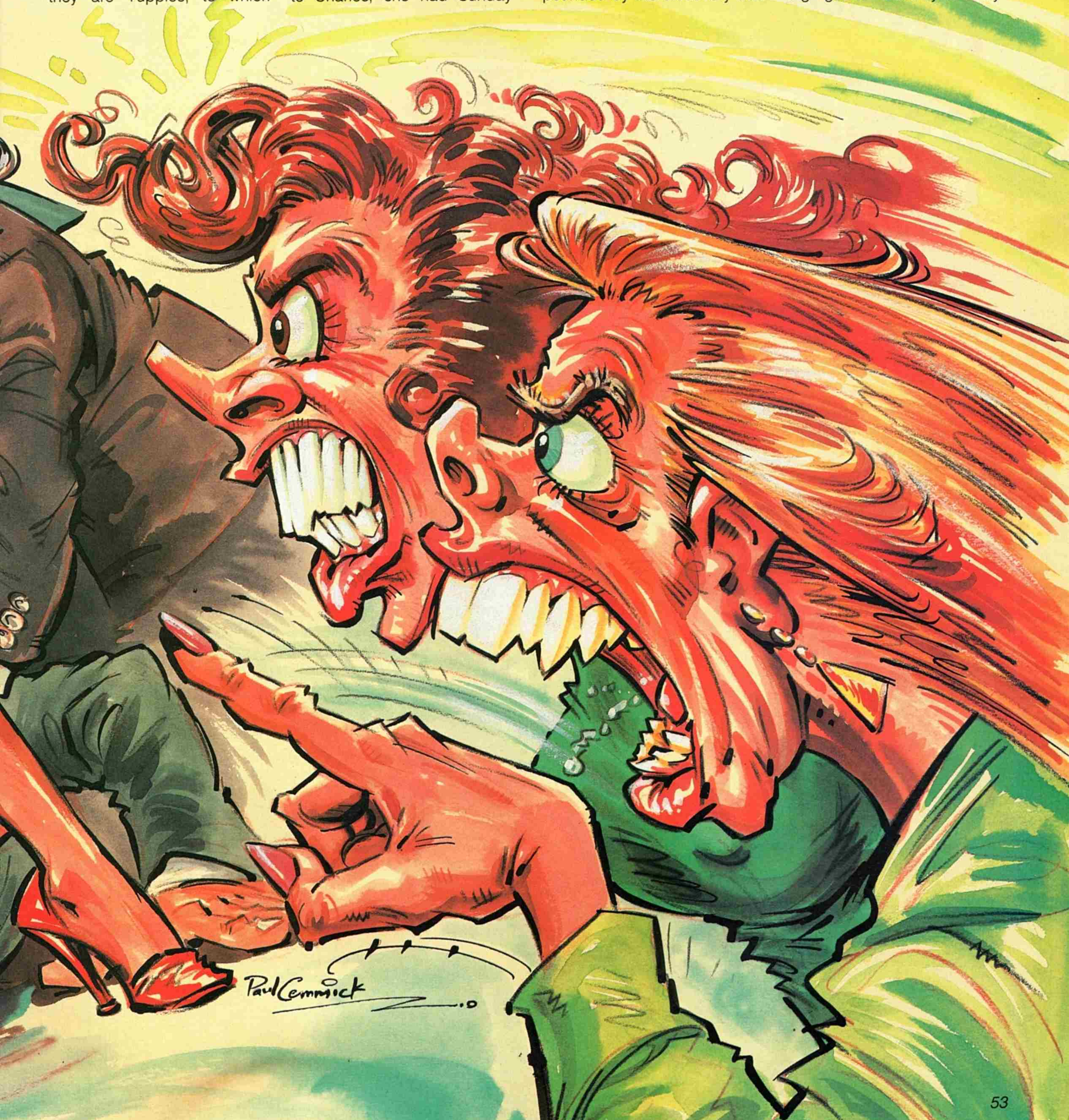
HOORAY FOR HENRIETTA

The Misadventures of a Sloane Ranger. Edited by Nigel Buxton. Illustrated by Paul Cemmick

Henrietta Eaton-Squire is agitated. Not only have the Duracells in her vibrator given up the ghost at the crucial moment, but she suddenly remembers Charles' frightful young nephew and his new bride, Yvonne, are coming to stay for a week. Charles says they are Yuppies, to which Henrietta asks if she should buy a box of Bonio with which to feed them. Charles says not to be silly; that there is nothing wrong with crass materialism, nor with coming from Croydon, even in a Vauxhall. Henrietta says that, anyway, she is unconvinced. Besides, unknown to Charles, she had Sunday earmarked for a sneaky, kinky shagging session with Major Buffy Protheroe, the polo-mad Jersey hotelier with the quite absurdly disproportionate third leg. Bally bloody inconvenient!

Henrietta's unwillingness to play host to her husband's gauche young relatives is compounded by the discovery that Rocky's wife is possessed of the most enormous tits.

"Not only am I expected to feed the little bitch," fumes Henrietta to her old school chum, Sophie Carter-Jones, in the Sainsbury's check-out queue, "but it seems hellbent on upstaging me with its socking great Sammy-bloody-



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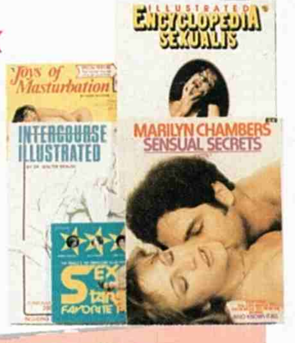

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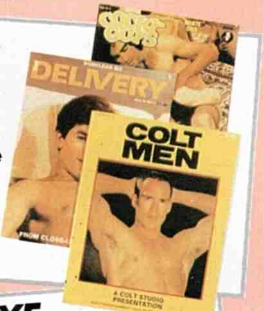

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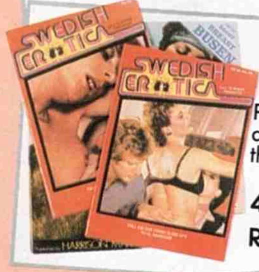

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Foxes. Charles is walking around the house all glassy-eyed with a permanent marquee in his moleskins, while I'm expected to act all Mumsy and take it on shopping trips to bloody Habitat!"

"Gawsh, how perfectly grimbo!" Sophie sympathizes.

"Grim?" wails Henrietta. "Grim, you say? God, I took it to cocktails at the Crawshaw-Beardsleys' last night and it was wearing a low-cut dress made of rubber! *Red* rubber!"

Wide-eyed

"Dahling, you're teasing me!" insists Sophie, wide-eyed and loving every second of it.

"I'm not, I promise you!" Mrs Eaton-Squire continues. "Anyway, as we were standing on the porch saying our goobyes, these frightful soccer hooligans ran past and one of them shouted: 'Cor-fuck-me-look-at-the-top-bollocks-on-that'. I tell you, Sophie, I almost died."

"Gawsh, you poor thing!" Sophie empathizes, divesting her trolley of red beans, Rioja, and Rastafarian bagels. "But, but, but – "

"But what, for God's sake?" snaps Henrietta, impatiently.

"Well, don't mind my asking, but what exactly *are* top bawllocks?"

It goes without saying that young Yvonne is actually a jolly nice girl indeed. However, Henrietta can't abide female competition at the best of times, particularly when it's sleeping in the guest bedroom, leaving its blonde pubic hairs in the bath, draping its wet brassières over radiators, and sticking last night's false eyelashes on the *fin de siècle* giltwood Rococo mirror in the reception room (Charles, mistaking them for a pair of mating centipedes, beats them so severely with a rolled-up *FT*, he knocks a cherub's wing clean off).

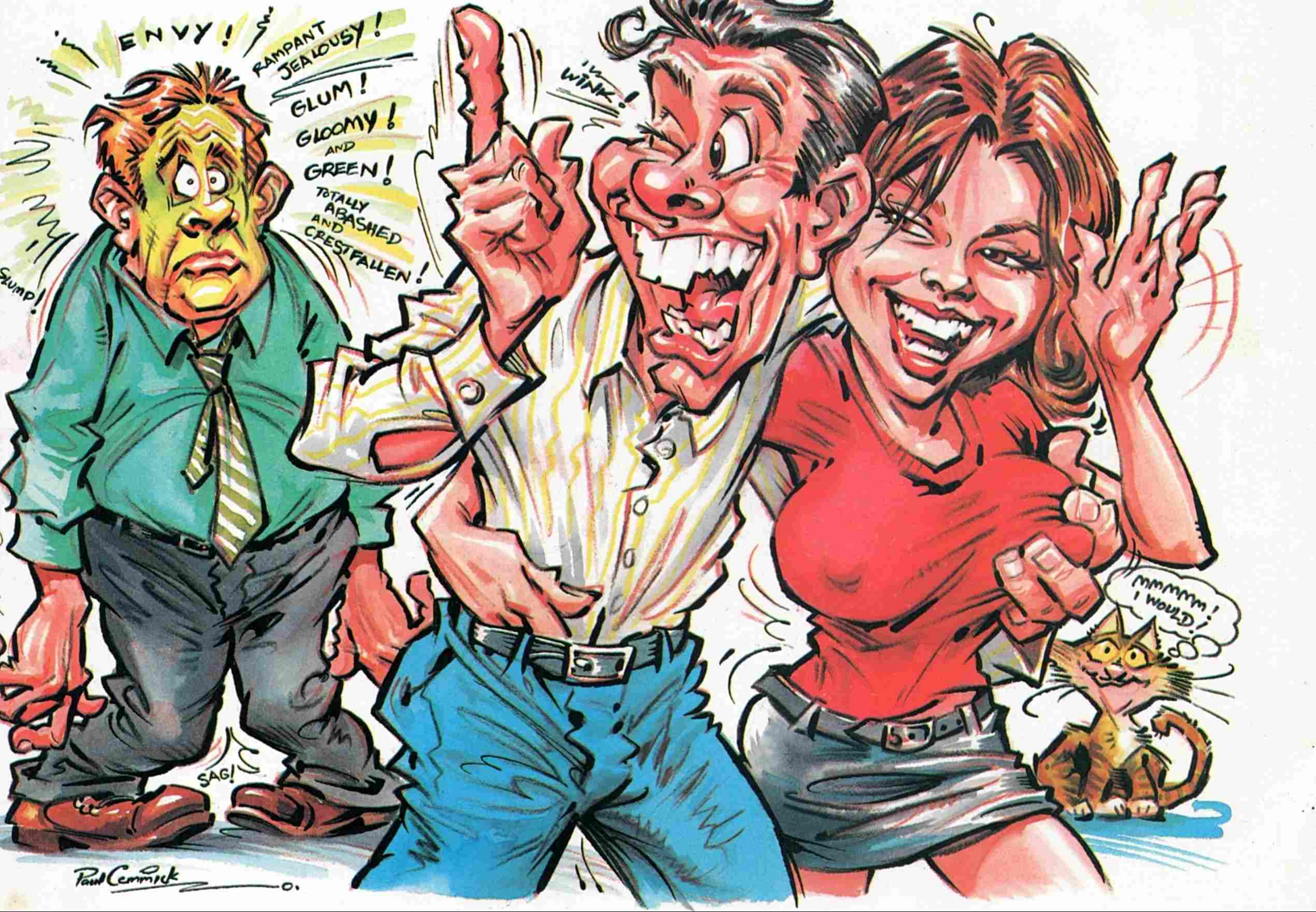
> The party is in full swing with young Yvonne wowing the neighbours with her new shortie nightie . . .

Nevertheless, a jolly nice girl indeed, despite the fact that, in the early hours, she and Ricky's marital exertions so severely rock the foundations of the Eaton-Squire residence, the burglar alarm is activated, and all-of-a-sudden the basement well is full of *Neighbourhood Watch* vigilantes with torches and Rottweilers on leashes, shouting: "Come out, you bastards, we know you're up there!"

Well, by the time Security Alarms Ltd arrive on the scene at 4.30 am to try and stop the infernal bloody jangling, the party is in full swing, with Charles begrudgingly ladling out Remy Martin to all and sundry, young Yvonne wowing the neighbours in her new shortie nightie from Rose Lewis, and nephew Ricky disc-jockeying battered 45s on Charles' exotic new Bang & Olufsen turntable (with the £400 Ortofon cartridge), saying: "Hey, Uncle Charles, I really like your style, really!" between platters.

And this, remember, is only Ricky and Yvonne's first day at Uncle Chuck and Aunt Hettie's. One day too many, as far as the lady of the house is concerned.

"Eat my truffle paté with soup spoons, drink my Taittinger from hock glasses, put my Labradors in blue movies if you will, but NEVER, EVER refer to me as Aunt Hettie!" growls Henrietta at breakfast, all the sourer for having had but two hours sleep. "And, no, thank you very much, I do NOT want to accompany you to Brands bloody Hatch this afternoon, nor do I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Paul Cemmick

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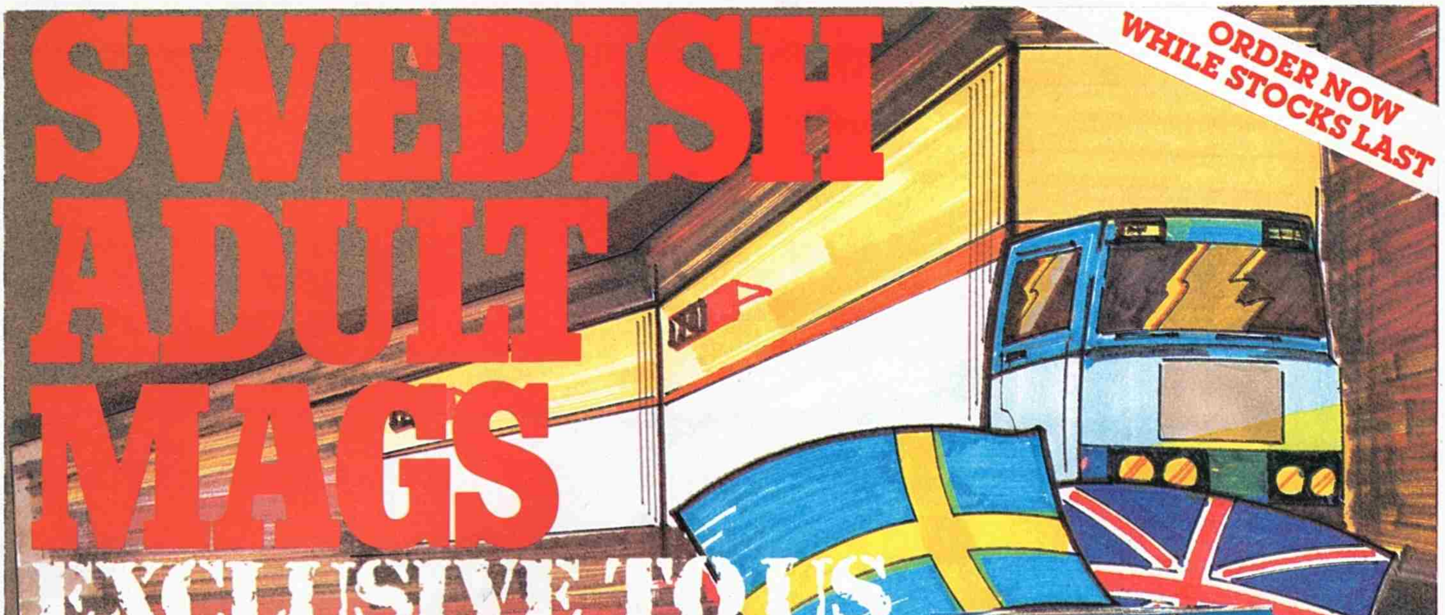
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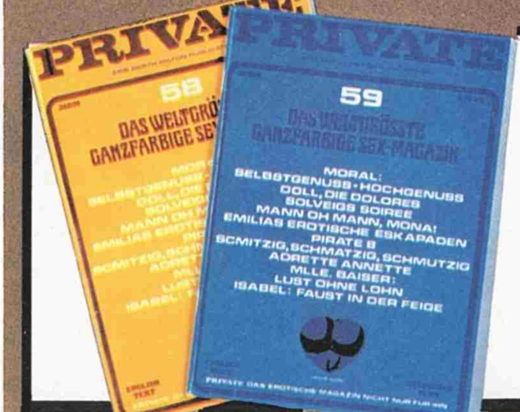
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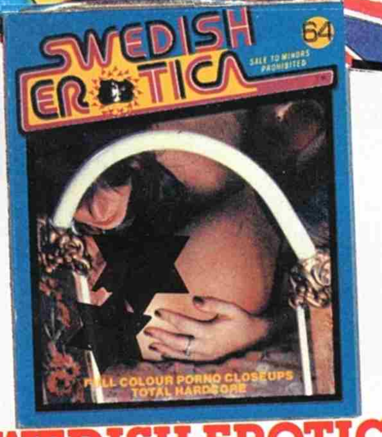
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wish to dine at the Hard Rock Café. On my side of the family, at least, we didn't even queue for food in the nineteen-bloody-thirties! I might *just* queue at the Mirabelle with a gun at my head, but for hamburgers? In Piccadilly? I ask you!"

In more of a blue funk than just another arrogant huff, our snotty Sloane superslut storms from the kitchen. Ricky is too immersed in the latest *Car* magazine even to notice his aunt's tirade, Yvonne merely glows with pride and gives her pert-nippled beloveds an affectionate pat, while Charles leaps at the chance of tucking into his wife's leftover rashers and scrambled eggs. It would appear Henrietta is encountering severe credibility problems.

"Oh, well, nothing a drink can't cure," says Charles, philosophically, to his young, upwardly mobile relatives, escorting them through the Chelsea winter sunshine to his local to make amends for Henrietta's outburst. "Now then, Yvonne, old girl – what'll it be?"

"A slow comfortable screw, ta," says the young suburbanite, to Charles' absolute horror.

"And a pina colada for me," says Ricky, loudly bemoaning the absence of jukebox, pool table and strobe lights.

"Maybe that damn wife of mine isn't such a bad judge of character after all," mutters Charles to himself, wishing he could dive into his pint of Director's to avoid the smirks of Chalkie Featherstonhaugh-Whyte and his cronies at the dart board.

"And five pints of banana daquiri when you're ready, Sport!" bellows Bunny Lyle-Moncrieff at the landlord, amid cynical snickers. "And make sure you don't slip up on the bloody skins when you're fetching 'em over!"

Humiliation

But our widely anticipated Sloane vs Yuppie clash-of-the-titans has scarcely begun. An extremely miffed Mrs Eaton-Squire is straight on the phone to Sophie Carter-Jones after Charles & Co's departure to the pub, plotting nothing less than the public humiliation of her husband's (really rather harmless) young rellies. Sophie manages to talk her confidante out of her more extreme proposals ("locking the bitch in the loo with butch Annie from the Magpie and Stump"), though in the end they opt for an even nastier mode of torment – as thoroughly befitting two former public schoolgirls.

"I suppose you could be a real cow and pull rank," suggests Sophie, scheming. "You know the sort of thing – substitute Kit-e-Kat for the foie gras, El Plonko for the claret and so forth. That'd sort the oiks from the County set, what?"

"A sight more subtle than rummaging through her things and puncturing her condoms with a needle," Henrietta reluctantly agrees. "Sophie, you're a genius! I'll invite 12 for dinner tomorrow. Besides, it'll give me another chance to get within groping distance of Major Buffy . . ."

Ricky grabs a meaty handful of his wife's buttocks, taking her upstairs for a good bonking . . .

Charles, for all his boorishness and love of "sport", is kept out of the picture. Like Henrietta, his public school background was tough and spartan, although in his day, cads and oicks were dealt with by tying a live rat to the victim's genitals, pushing his head (the victim's, not the rat's) down the toilet, and repeatedly pulling the chain while beating his bare buttocks with a cricket bat. None of this soppy, bitchy girl's stuff in *his* day!

"I'm so sorry about my little tantrum at breakfast," winges Henrietta, upon the return of Charles and their guests. "To make up for it all, I've decided to invite a few friends for dinner tomorrow. You'll adore them, Yvonne, really you will."

Ricky shrugs, grabs a meaty handful of his young wife's buttocks, and informs his hosts that he is taking Yvonne upstairs to give her a jolly good bonking. Charles, alarmed, intervenes, saying that as far as he's aware she's been perfectly behaved all day, and that if he bonks his wife too hard, she'll start to lose respect for him, to which Ricky disdainfully pushes his uncle aside, telling him not to be disgusting and to mind his own bloody business, then grabs Yvonne and beats a retreat to the sanctity (and sanity) of the guest bedroom.

"Did I say something?" asks Charles, baffled.

Leather Skirt

The following evening, the male guests at the Eaton-Squire's dinner party are hovering around young Yvonne (sporting a black leather skirt as tight as a Durex) like flies on a turd, eagerly discussing the weather, the price of GEC shares, the going at Sedgefield . . . any fucking silly thing in order to cop a look down the front of the outrageous young floozie's blouse. Good old Bunty Forshaw, having sneakily unbuttoned her at the back, is collared by Charles and frog-marched into the kitchen, just as he is about to snip her bra strap with Henrietta's nail scissors, while Bunny Lyle-Moncrieff kneels before her, salivating from the corners of his mouth and yelping like a terrier. Yvonne, *très declassé* and hugely un-Sloane as she is, is certainly making her mark in SW3 high society.

Henrietta, meanwhile, positively seething at the attention young Yvonne is getting, takes the side plate of Kit-e-Kat from the fridge and places it in the centre of the eleven other plates, arranged circularly on the serving hatch. So far, so thoroughly evil, but the one weak link in Henrietta's character assassination plot is her overwhelming infatuation for Major Buffy, who creeps into the kitchen when Charles is answering the door, shoves a hand up the hostess's skirt, and whispers in her ear that he'd find it terribly, terribly exciting were she to follow him to the upstairs loo for a quick aperitif. Of jism.

It is in Milady's brief absence that Good Old Bunty Forshaw decides to amuse his pals with an exhibition of sleight-of-hand, specifically a game of Find The Lady, using a 50 pence piece and 12 plates of goose liver paté as props. On returning to the kitchen, Henrietta is unaware that the Spode has been juggled, shuffled, and generally fucked with, and, on the crest of an egotistic wave at having so cunningly cheated on her husband, proceeds to lay the table, belting back a large G'n'T to brace her for her moment of glory.

Dinner, which promises to be more of a bacchanal than a gourmet get-together, is served, Henrietta kicking away the cat which has so irritatingly placed itself between her feet under the table.

"Tell me, Yvonne," says Henrietta, above the hubbub of conversation and the tinkling of cutlery and wine glasses. "What do you think of my paté?"

Henrietta looks across at Sophie Carter-Jones and winks, but her smirk loses its boldness when Yvonne replies:

"Not bad, although a little more *cuisson* would have helped. Also, I'd guess you used fresh mace instead of dried – a mistake – and unsalted butter instead of clarified. At least, that's how they taught us to make it at Croydon Tech."

Ugly Incident

"Croydon Tech, eh?" sneers Henrietta, once again kicking the cat away. "So *that's* how come you don't know the difference between *paté de foie gras* and Kit-e-Kat! Upwardly mobile, my pink clittie!"

A stunned silence greets Henrietta's scurrilous accusation and bizarre choice of invective. Good Old Bunty Forshaw, a self-styled food bore of the Clement Freud genre, decides to resolve the ugly incident by reaching across the table and stabbing a nicotine-stained digit into the contents of the busty beauty's plate.

"Kit-e-Kat, Henrietta? Take no notice, Yvonne, my precious – this *is* paté, of sorts, and you're correct – the old bat skimped on the *cuisson*!"

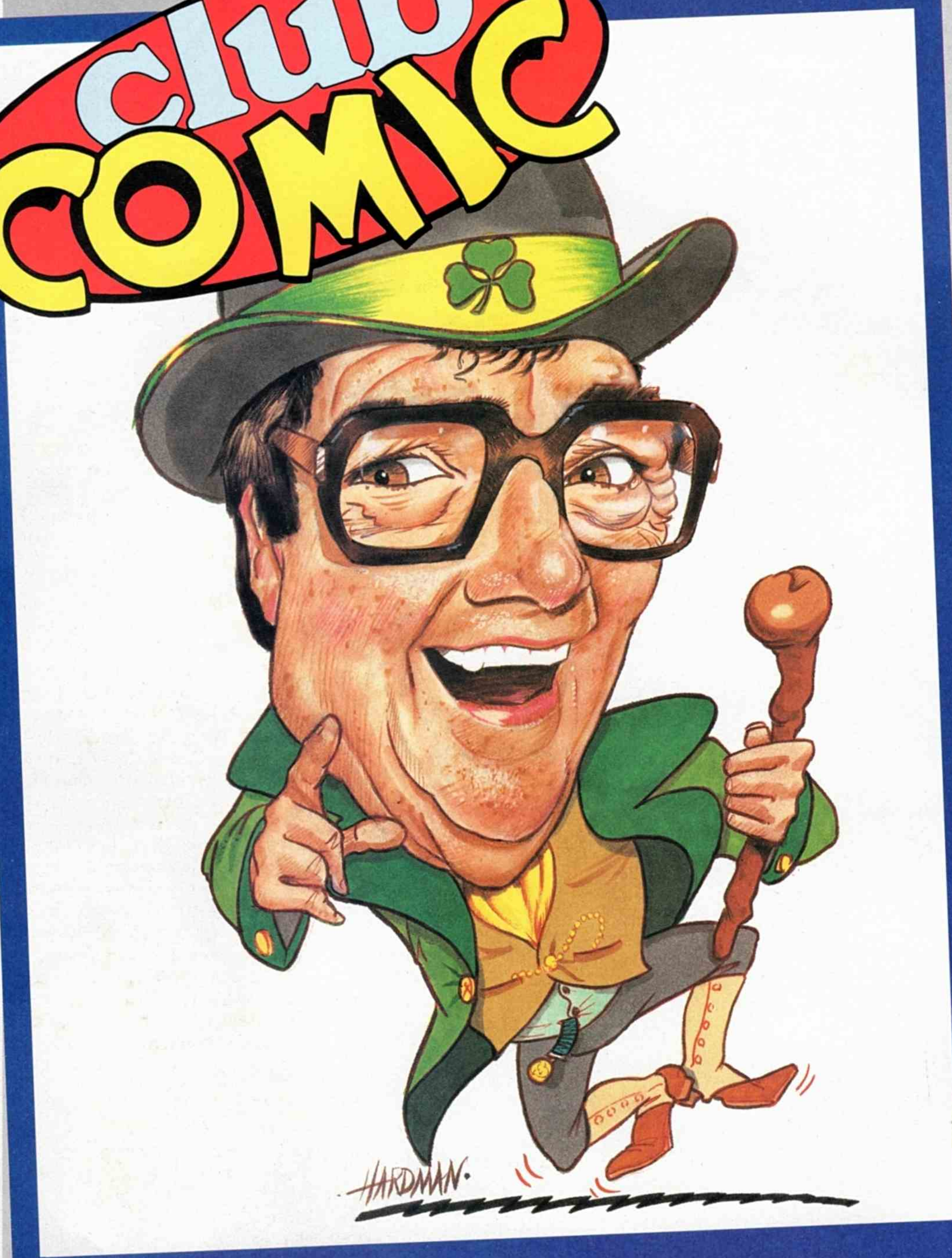
At which point, with meticulous timing, Virgil the cat leaps on to the table and proceeds to lick remains of "paté" from Henrietta's plate.

"Dahling," purrs Sophie Carter-Jones, to break the embarrassed hush, "I do believe your pussy's got you in trouble yet again . . ." ♣

Photographs by Dwight Fox

BELINDA

club COMIC



Brian O'Hanlon drops in on

FRANK CARSON

Illustration by Paul Hardman

Frank Carson is a compulsive gagster. Ring him up at his Blackpool number and it's: "Hello, this is Frank . . ." followed by imitations of birdsong. Meet him at the BBC's Television Centre in Lime Grove and he starts in the lift going up to the rarefied heights of the seventh floor, with Roland Rat producer, Marcus. Trudging around the oval corridors of power, a shirt-sleeved Billy Cotton Junior – the Beeb's Head of Light Entertainment – appears from a door. "Hiya, Billy," booms Belfast's best-known voice. "I just want to tell you I'm still the cheapest comic around – and always available . . ."

Mr Cotton signifies his agreement and moves on.

Cow's Nest

As we sit down in the office Marcus has lent us while he goes about his film editing, Frank reflects: "I'll tell you a TRUE one. I was walking through here with a senior producer. Doesn't matter what his name was. Towards us comes this very thin girl. I said: 'That's Anna Rexia'.

"He said: 'Christ, you've got a good memory for names!'

"What's the first gag I ever wrote? I'll tell you. I was a kid in Belfast, passing a door where there were a dozen bottles of milk. I sez to the lady: 'My goodness, missus. That's a cow's nest!'

"Poor! Of course we were poor. The auld fella says to me one time: 'Go and change the toilet roll for five Woodbines. The visitors aren't coming!'

"Next door they were even poorer. There were nine of them in the bed. There was a perpetual rainbow over the mattress.

"You know, there were areas of the city where there was so much stealing that everybody put a padlock on the dustbin.

"Course, the fella the other side of us wasn't exactly the brain of Ireland. I sez to him: 'Is your daughter a virgin, Mick?'

"'No', he sez. 'Not yet . . .'

"That was the fella who, when he got a note offering him work from the Job Centre, rang the police and said he'd received a threatening letter.

"He was so long on the dole, they sent him a calendar every Christmas."

Down to Earth

Frank Carson is very much how most people see him on the screen: straightforward, down to earth. No posh cars or flotilla of flunkies trailing in his wake. He arrives at the Television Centre with a green plastic bag containing his cheque book, pen, messages, and his diary for that day. The serious side of Frank Carson is that he can't stand what the Irish call "messers" – people who promise and don't do. "If a man says to me: 'I'm sorry I didn't reply to your letter', he's in trouble. It only takes five minutes to sit down and write one, doesn't it? I do it all the time. I will sit down and send a reply as soon as I can – often straight away."

I ask if he gets embarrassed when people recognize him in the street.

"Well, if they don't, I run after them and tell 'em who I am!" says Mr Carson, quick as a flash.

"Ah ha, Frank," I say. "*It's the way you tell 'em!*"

"No, no. It's the way I *sell* 'em!"

How did it start, that famous catchphrase?

"It began in the *Nelson Cabaret Club*, which is going back quite a bit now. There was a fella in the audience who was renowned for not laughing at comedians. He always sat in the front row, and when a comic told a joke he didn't laugh. But he'd turn round to the crowd to let them *see* he wasn't laughing, and, of course, they laughed at *him* instead. So *he* was the smart fellow.

Laughing Fit

"This night, I cracked a gag. I can't even remember what it was, and he took a fit of laughing. 'Did you like that one?' I sez to him.

"'Not bad', he sez. 'But I heard it before'.

"The audience laughed, but this time *at* him, because they knew he was lying. 'It's the way you told it', he said. The next night I re-worked the phrase and slipped it in after a couple of gags. *It's the way I tell 'em!* And they just fell about. From then on I knew I had stumbled across pure gold. People started coming up to me in the street and repeating it, just like you've done this morning.

"But when people come up, as they do sometimes, and say, 'You're Frank Carson. I enjoyed your show', it just makes your day. It's a wonderful compliment. You know, I can remember when I was in Belfast. There was this tubby little boy looking in a window. I went there the other day, where the window used to be, and imagined I was that little boy saying 'One day you're going to be famous'. I looked into that same space – now just nothing, and said: 'Hello, Frank . . .'"

No Cure

There is humour. There is pathos. And they switch on and off very quickly. A Belfast Catholic, Frank married Ruth, his childhood sweetheart. "I never proposed, or anything like that. It was just understood. I mean, Ruth fixed the date and bought the ring. It cost £21. I'll never forget it. I used to wait on her coming to school and show off. We've been married 37 years this January. My daughter's Majella, the patron saint of mothers. She lives around the corner from us in Blackpool, and sort of looks after my diary. Then we've got two boys. Aidan has a big pub in Kingston, and Tony's a director of a firm here in London. He's made me become a director of Colchester United Football Club, incidentally."

Frank smiles a little sadly and confesses. "I've got five grandchildren, but they haven't named one after me yet . . .

"The kids are the biggest exponents of Carsonism – a disease from which there's no cure.

"It was *The Comedians* that gave me the leg up. Johnny Hamp of Granada has been a pal of mine for 27 years now. He came to see me in a little place called Ballyshannon in Co Donegal. If it rained when we were doing the show, the comedian had to come off because it had a corrugated roof, and the accordian player had to go on instead. The parish priest sat in the front row: if you cracked a questionable gag and everyone laughed, he'd stand up and bless them, so that was the end of the joke. If the kids laughed, he had a black stick to whack them across their arses.

> *"He saw all the prostitutes standing on street corners in Glasgow and asked them if they were working. They said no. 'Go home and work on your act!' he shouted . . ."*

"Do you know I did a television show in Ulster – *The Fiddle & The Flute* – for £10 for half an hour. The continuity girl is famous now in her own right . . . Gloria Hunniford. I remember coaching a young man on walking on and walking off . . . Roger Whittaker. I recommended another up-and-coming for *The Comedians* . . . Jim Bowen. People say 'Why plug the opposition?', but I say I have no opposition. They are an *alternative*.

"Jimmy Tarbuck criticized the dirty comics the other day and I am so sorry he did. He annoyed me, because if these fellas all became clean comics they'll get all the television. We won't!"

We become serious again as Frank pauses and looks out on the circular gallery running around the seventh floor where people can be seen clattering at their typewriters and seated around conference tables.

"There are two quotations I live by. The first came from Sir Harry Lauder. He saw all the old prostitutes standing on the corner of Buchanan and Sauchiehall Streets in Glasgow and asked them if they were not working that day. They said no. '*Go home and work on your act!*' he shouted. And he meant it. He wasn't being funny, or even rude. He was making the point that you can never sit back and take things for granted. The other quotation? '*Do it now!*' That came from John Paul Getty."

The pert Scots secretary puts her head around the door to key Frank Carson for the programme. "You from Aberdeen?"

"Yes," she says.

"I knew a fella there who was so mean that, when he had a hip transplant, he asked the surgeon if he could have the bone for the dog.

"There was this Aberdonian who swallowed a £20 note. Every time he went to the lavatory he held a raffle."

The secretary retires hurt, with hysterics.

"I love the big gag, where I'm standing there actually posing, and I know they are looking at me," admits Mr Carson. "At the moment I am feeling so happy. I haven't smoked for 11 years, and I gave up drinking ten weeks ago. I could have had a problem, I'll be honest. I think you're the first journalist I've told. I got up one morning and felt like a pint of lager. I said to myself: '*What the hell am I having a pint of lager for at this time of the morning*?' And that was it – I stopped. My weight has dropped three stones. I mean . . . who wants to look like Pete Murray?

"There was this fella walked into the doctor and said: 'Can you give me something to make me sweat?' The doc said: 'Yes. I'll sign you off the Social . . .'

"This fella was in hospital. The doc says to him: 'Do you want the bad news or the good news first?' 'I don't mind', says he. 'Well', says the doctor, 'The good news is you've got 24 hours to live'. 'And the bad news?' gasps the patient. 'The bad news is I forgot. I should have told you yesterday . . .'

Still Living

"Fella says to me: 'My wife's an angel'. I says: 'You're lucky. Mine's still living'.

"Do you know, at school I wasn't funny. I was cheeky. My headmaster, Mr Treacy, would slap me and say: 'Carson, you're nothing but a showman' – meaning show-off. When I became a name, he was in his late 80s. He'd come up to me then and say: 'Well, Frank; didn't I say you'd always be a showman?'

"The other night a waiter handed me a gin and tonic when I came off after my act and said: 'That's from the fella in the bar with a beard and a moustache. Says he was at school with you'. 'Go back and tell him there was nobody in our class with a beard and moustache . . .'" ♣

MY FAVOURITE GAG

"Murphy is up in front of the magistrate.
'You're accused of stealing ten bottles of beer?'
'That's right, Your Honour.'
'Well, go out and steal another two.'
'What for?'
'So I can make a case of it . . .'"

club SOAP

BEST

SWITCH ON TO THE ALTERNATIVE CHANNEL IN BRITAIN'S

SCENE 1. DAVE'S BARROW

It is early morning in the market and between the stalls the pavements and gutters are still scattered with the colourful remnants of the previous day's trading. DAVE PILCH is stacking his barrow ready for the day's business, hoping to tempt passing trade with his pyramids of Granny Smiths and his tasteful turnips fresh up from Gloucestershire. But his concentration is constantly interrupted as he pauses to guffaw rudely at the hapless office workers as they negotiate the slimy pavements, slipping like awkward ballerinas on the decaying cabbage leaves and plum skins as slippery as discarded condoms. A young accountant shoots several yards along on a stalk of celery, only managing to save his dignity by grabbing a convenient lamppost. DAVE claps loudly.

DAVE: Nice one, squire. You should team up with that Pearl and Dean . . .

The office worker scowls and walks on gingerly. DAVE sniggers to himself, until he feels the tap of a rolled-up umbrella on his shoulder. He wheels around indignantly to find himself confronted by a bristling city gent with a walrus moustache.

DAVE: 'Ere, you keep yer bleedin brolly to yerself, guv'nor.

GENT: I must say that I find your amusement at other people's misfortunes rather offensive. It's about time you market traders cleared up all your rubbish.

DAVE: Not my responsibility, guv – it's up to the sweepers.

GENT: Typical attitude toward civic responsibility that one expects from the lower orders.

DAVE: What you mean – lower orders? You looking for a mouthful of signet rings or summat? Sling yer hook, you pin-striped ponce and keep your snout out of business wot don't concern you.

GENT: There's no call for this neanderthal aggression. I'm only making a perfectly reasonable suggestion to improve the environment.

SCENE 2. LIL'S SEX SHOP

GRAHAM WITTERS is standing next to a pallid looking mannequin, rubbing the lacy material of its half-cup bra between his thumb and finger and murmuring approvingly. His hand slides down the dummy's torso to test the elasticity of the pantie elastic. LIL, who is sitting at the counter opening the morning's post, looks up suspiciously.

LIL: 'Ere, don't go getting carried away in a transport of ecstasy, Mr Witters – it's only a bleedin' shop dummy.

GRAHAM: I know that, Lil. I haven't acquired any strange perversions.

LIL: You 'ad a funny look in your eye . . . (She carries on and opens an official looking brown envelope). 'Ere – I got my shares. I'm a proper small investor now.

GRAHAM: That's nice. You'll be voting for Mrs Thatcher in the next election then, I suppose?

LIL: Maybe I will. It's time ordinary folk had a say in City matters. I get a lot of city gents in here and I know they're no smarter than anyone else. Playing with all our millions when all the time they're thinking about gels in flimsy underwear. No, I reckon the Big Bang was the best thing that could've happened . . .

GRAHAM: You'd appreciate a big bang, eh, Lil?

LIL: (Sharply) What exactly are you inferring, Mr Witters?

SCENE 3. ANGIE'S PAD

ANGIE is slipping on her pants after servicing a client. The client, a red-faced fat man, sits on a chair watching her. ANGIE sighs irritably.

ANGIE: Look, mate, you've had your requirements – you needn't stand there gawping like a bleedin' goldfish.

MAN: Look, I paid 25 quid to see you – I reckon that includes the privilege of watching you get dressed.

ANGIE: Well it don't, see. That's five quid extra.

MAN: Bloody hell, talk about bleedin' inflation.

ANGIE: Listen, mate – if my bank balance was as big as your nose I'd have retired years ago.

MAN: Bloody cheek.

SCENE 4. DAVE'S BARROW

DAVE is wrapping some carrots for a lady customer. A seedy looking young man in a leather jacket with a camera dangling from his neck hovers close by the stall. As the woman moves off he turns to DAVE with a lecherous grin.

TERRY: Look at the arse on that, eh . . .

DAVE: Not bad. Can I get you anything? I got some nice plums in from Spain today.

TERRY: Nah, not for me, mate. I'm just hanging loose, scouting for talent.

DAVE: You a photographer then?

ENDERS

AUGHTIEST SQUARE MILE. SCRIPT BY NICHOLAS WHITTAKER

TERRY: Glamour photographer.

DAVE: Cor, I bet that's a good number to be in.

TERRY: You ain't kidding, mate. More crumpet than a vicarage tea party . . . You know of any tasty birds round here who'd like to get made famous? I can turn 'em into hot news. I'm in with all the big boys in the business.

DAVE: I dunno . . .

TERRY: Might be a fiver in it for you.

Just then ANGIE passes by the stall and stops to inspect the display of vegetables. TERRY eyes her up greedily and nudges DAVE.

TERRY: (Whispering) That's tasty, mate. That's class crumpet. You know her?

DAVE: She's a local businesslady.

TERRY: Oh yeah? (To ANGIE): 'Ere, you fancy getting your pants off for a photosession, luv? And we're talking big money.

ANGIE: Get lost, creep.

TERRY: Lovely, I like a chick with spunk. Just lay your phone number on me, baby, and I'll fix up a session in the studio. It's the centrefold of Playboy for you, love.

ANGIE: If you don't vanish quick, mate, I'm gonna shove that telephoto lens right up your harris.

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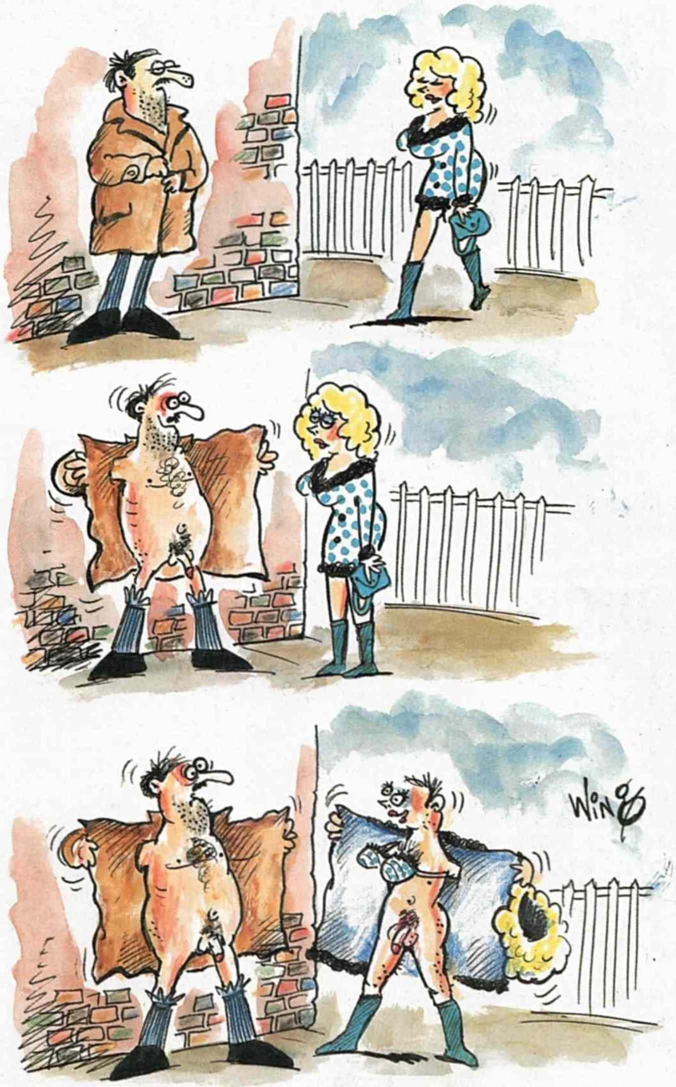

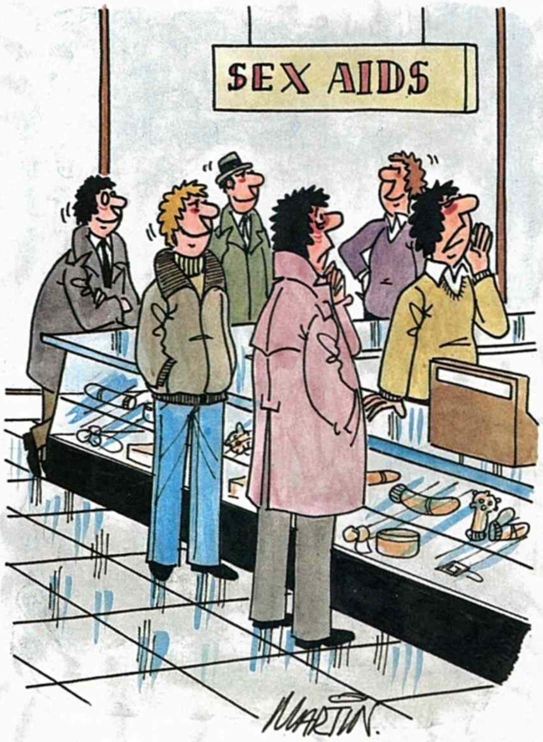
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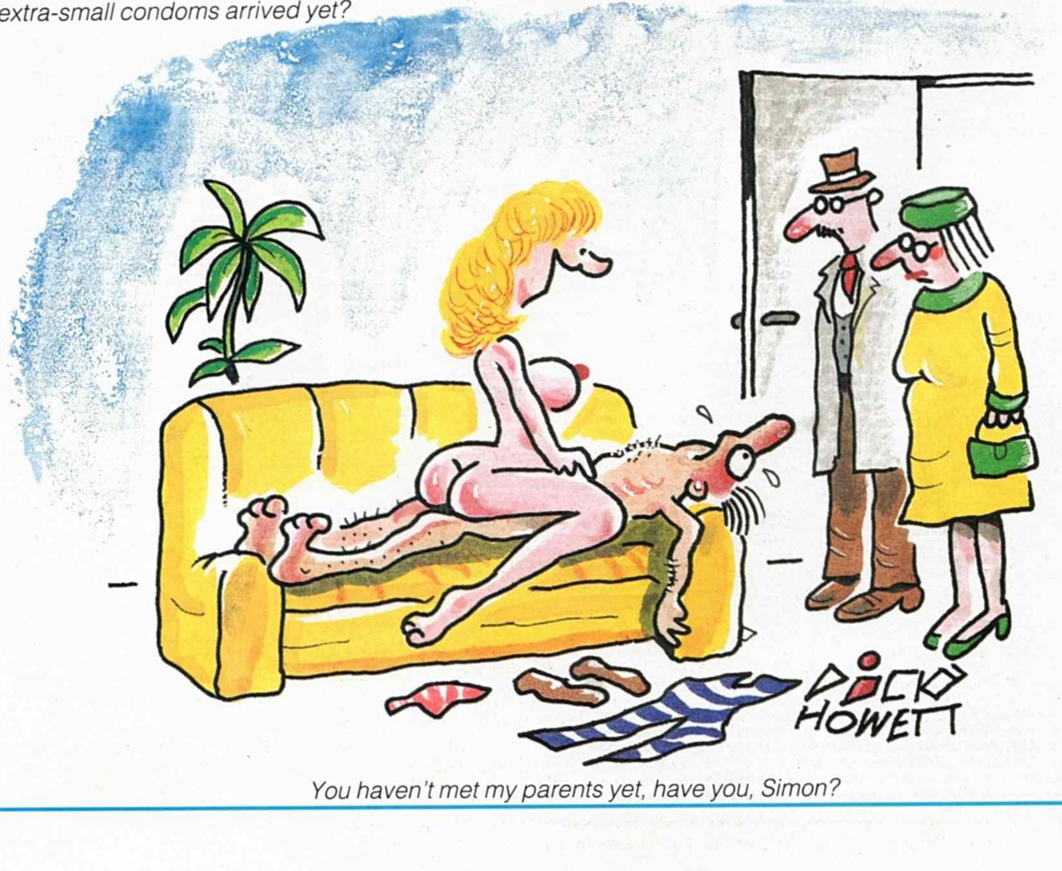
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SUZETTE

BED, BOOK AN

Ace reviewer JIMMY DOYLE majors on blondes this month. Pride of place should go to DOROTHEA, who makes one of her all too infrequent (as far as Doyley's concerned) appearances under his duvet. Amongst a bumper selection, they tackle a handful of books concerning THE blonde, and watch a blonde assassin at work. Read all about it . . .

Being somewhat enslaved by Dorothea's good looks and mindful of how rarely I get the opportunity to peruse them at close quarters, I gathered a few of her favourite things on the off-chance of seducing her company for an edifying audio-visual weekend (easy on the hard stuff). As Ray Bradbury would put it, she sings The Body Electric, and I'm a good listener. On top of this, I managed to penetrate her Telecom defences after only two rings. Unheard of.

"Hello," I said. "You're *in*."

"No. Someone else is."

"What, right now?"

"Right now." The phone's by the bed. Handy.

"So, what else you been doing?"

"Oh, this and this. Letting the good times roll – all over me."

"That good?" I was starting to receive pictures.

"Mmmm. You wouldn't believe me if I told you. It would . . ."

"Make my hair stand on end?"

"I wasn't thinking about your hair."

Nor was I. There were nine or ten books ahead of me, five films and now a fairly seditious blonde, equal parts war and peace inside her body who said she'd be right over to help as soon as she'd completed her cycle, unless the other party finished first.

Just as she breezed in, all sulky lips, loud whore's earrings and a low-scooped cream moiré dress designed by someone familiar with how quickly energetic girls with no underwear on need to step in and out of them, I was already dealing out mouth-to-mouth resuscitation on another blonde, far less fortunate, who thought sex was part of nature. So she went along with nature, and could therefore walk past Groucho Marx in such a manner as to arouse his elderly libido and cause smoke to issue from his ears. Marilyn Monroe, who else?

Four of the books I had stacked by the bed – **Goddess**, **The Marilyn Conspiracy**, **Norma Jeane** and **Marilyn On Marilyn** – were debating strange and suspicious events leading up to August 4, 1962, when the big sleep began. The detective thinks she was murdered, the investigative journalist agrees in principle but he's not sure, the gentle biographer still holds with the suicide angle, while the highly-quotable lady herself, obviously sleepwalking through the danger she might have been in, used to wake up in the morning and wonder if the whole world was crazy, whooping about sex all the time. "It was," she said once, "like hearing that stove polish was the greatest invention on earth." On the other hand, Di Maggio, the ball-player and her second husband, never got a wink of sleep either way. According to him, it was no fun being hitched to an electric light.

It's the Kennedy connection that's causing all the new hiccups, which turned her overnight from a sex symbol into a security risk. A recent FBI release baldly states the case: "Marilyn Monroe, the actress, first had an affair with President Kennedy, but was later passed off to his brother, Robert." Like a piece of meat, was how Monroe phrased it, all through with love at that point.

"Nothing's changed, has it?" Dorothea spoke beside me, a bleak tone in her voice. "This has to be the longest grope in history. What do you call it when a guy digs up–"

"Necrophilia. But they're just doing their homework."

That's partly true. Summers in **Goddess** is hot on the missing data, with goods on Sinatra, Peter Lawford, midnight ambulance drivers and wiretappers. Speraglio's **Conspiracy** reconstructs the death scene with forensic remorselessness. Fred Guiles, in the reissued **Norma Jeane**, admits that "something very important" eluded him first time around, but can't shake his faith in democracy. **Marilyn On Marilyn** has lots of snaps and smart cracks. On her legendary lateness, she had this to say. "It's remarkable that I get there at all." Yeah, wasn't it?

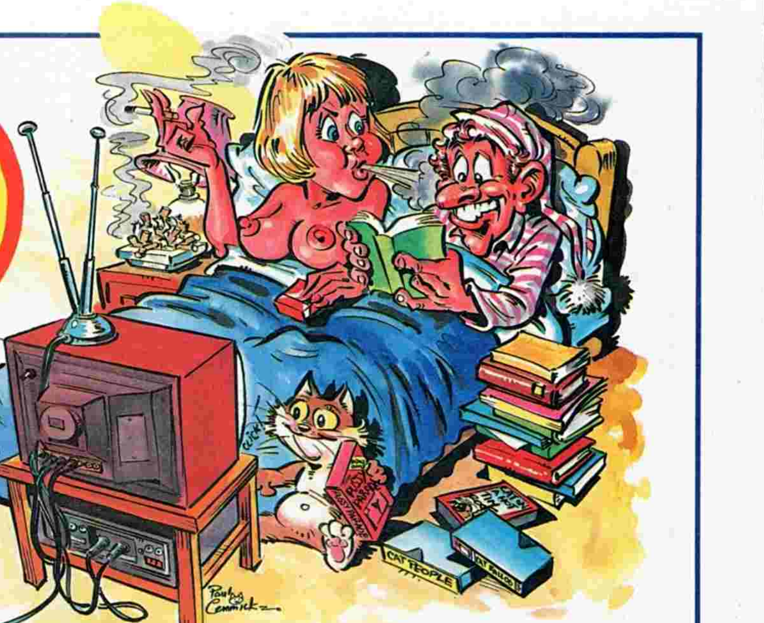
Enter the third blonde, married until recently to the only surviving brother of America's royal family, as told by her admiring friend, Marcia Challis in **The Joan Kennedy Story**. Those boys sure put themselves about, in spite of the fact that these are pretty tactful revelations, focused mainly on Ted Kennedy's campaign failure in 1980 to grab the nomination from Jimmy Carter. Joan, says Marcia, drank alcohol to keep her pain under control, maintaining the Barbie doll profile. "The only reason he married me," says Joan, off the sauce, "was because he couldn't get me any other way."

"You're getting some idea this weekend, aren't you?" Dorothea asked me.

"What's that?" I countered,

They still want to tussle with Russell, the pneumatic girl in The Outlaw

ViDEO



knowing from her expression that I wasn't going to like it a whole lot.

"What women are to men, and vice versa. Why you call us cunts, and why we call you pricks."

We passed in stony silence on to **The Satyricon**, a ribald ancient Roman text by Petronius whose last three days on the planet were spent writing about sex, drinking wine and taking naps, in spite of Emperor Nero's decree that he should take his own life hastily. Well, Petronius opened his veins all right, but he'd bind them up again, and so on until the deed was done. Meanwhile, this very modern translation of what amounts to an eternal orgy with boys, girls, eunuchs, figs, honeycombs, emeralds, acrobats and oysters, is definitely not exclusive material for classical scholars. And it just about patched up my differences with Dorothea.

Then, strictly for laughs, take a guy who likes to stay close to his beat, restores houses with a gay partner and lives comfortably with a woman who's a real wiggler with wonderful cheekbones. Watch him drive for the morning papers and decide on the way that he has to see Japan. That's **Tokyo Woes** for you. It's good for your morale, bad for your ribcage. "Don't mess with us," pipes up his new Nippon pal, "we're not just a bunch of little cassette guys." Just to prove it, he takes our hero on a Peeping Tom bus tour, and slips in a few geishas for the man's lonesome gonads. By the last chapter, I just about had my own love life back in working order.

Unusual Weapon

Dorothea and I, when we're on speaking terms, also have a sly penchant for murder. There are so many in the world, though, that for one to lodge in the memory, a slant has to be arranged – say, an unusual weapon or circumstances so bizarre that the general public's eyeballs swivel with the effort it takes to grasp the fact it's actually taken place. **Evil Angels** is a cut above your average true tale of mystery and imagination, fleshing out what may have happened that night at Ayers Rock, a sacred Aboriginal spot, six years ago when Lindy Chamberlain's baby was seized by a dingo . . . or was she? That's what you have to find out.

The hearsay factor was fantastic. According to one police investigator on the case, 90 per cent of the stories he heard were completely without foundation. Neighbours and all just allowed their emotions to play sleuth instead.

"Now, in my experience," uttered Dorothea, my learned friend, "that's quite a low percentage."

Bryson seeps inside the course of the trial, never losing a twist or a conversation. Detail like this has two very different side-effects. One is to convey thoroughness, the right emphasis. The other is to get things crawling on the scalp.

Stay in Australia for Keneally's **A Family Madness**, or in the instance of Terry and Gina Delaney, how a happy life can be destroyed by an unlucky passion. Terry's a glorified nightwatchman who tangles with a dark employer, and dimly comprehends a world "in which with very little warning alien women undid your flies." His author works backwards and forwards at the same time in a meticulous attempt to assemble every shard of evidence. It's sad, devious, and the pattern is relentless.

The printed word sort of surrendered meekly to the cinematic debut of Jane Russell, the lady they later called "The Haystack Brunette" on account of she lay in some straw in a humid western called **The Outlaw**. That paranoid tycoon with the long fingernails, Howard Hughes, delayed the première for two years on a censorship squabble with the Hayes Code, which took exception to the fact that Jane's breasts seemed to precede her country's installation of nuclear weapons by an indecent period of time. I put the tape on hold for a much shorter duration (three hours, approximately), because Dorothea correctly pointed out that we still had her autobiography to get through.

Now while Dorothea found **Jane Russell** a very human story, I had my doubts. Apart from that moody stare of hers, like a left hook until she smiled, which never appealed to me, I found the gushing, born-angry-but-found-God proselytizing somewhat of a pain in my joints. The Bible practically reached out from between the lines to thump you on the forehead with its antique wisdom package. Either she's on cloud nine with a new leading man or she's right down there, breaking Satan's balls.

So, when it was **Outlaw** time again, I'd kind of lost interest in the phenomenon. The plot trades a few cowboy myths (Billy The Kid, Doc Holliday, etc) for a close-up of Jane's peasant blouses. Actually, it's the love affair that two men have for a strawberry roan, with smouldering Jane putting sand in their canteens as revenge for coming in a close second. The famous hay scene just made me want to sneeze a lot.

If you want to discuss screen sex, try Jack Nicholson and Kathleen Turner in John Huston's Mafioso comedy, **Prizzi's Honor**. Like Italian operas are supposed to, this one begins in church with a vital family wedding in progress, and that's where these two assassins clock each other. She's in bright blue, and he's wearing black. When she tells him she's in love, that's no good. He's read in a magazine that "in love" is just a hormonal secretion which changes the sense of smell so as to affect somebody in a certain way. Even so, the chemistry between them is choice. Nicholson's slow except when it comes to killing. Turner's fast and sharp, until good sex with him folds up her instincts.

"That's wild stuff out there," I remarked, while the pair of them played roly-poly havoc with the hotel linen.

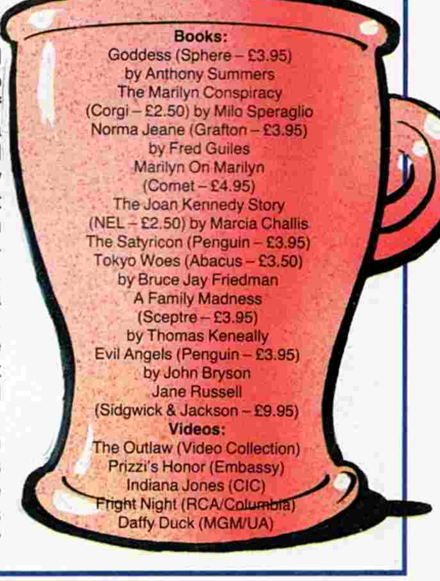
"No way," Dorothea countered. "I prefer it on the slow side, with a cigarette burning and maybe the radio on, too, in case I fall asleep." That's fine, but she forgot to mention the telephone at arm's length, too. Nothing like a threesome with the extension cord.

For straightforward, neck-crunching thrills plus a little sexual innuendo, there's nothing to top **Indiana Jones & The Temple of Doom**, part two of archaeology as a Big Dipper ride with stubbled Ford plus Oriental sidekick plus new dame with wet nail varnish, out there in the Indian jungle with human sacrifice, elephants, creepy-crawlies and chilled monkey brains. Nobody working in cinema sets a faster pace than Steven Speilberg. Dorothea and I had Turkish coffee and a liqueur bottle to share but they didn't cool it down any. You'll have the same problems.

There's also a fine line between fear and humour, as in examples where a person dies laughing. Take **Fright Night**, where the penalties for voyeurism are made abundantly clear. One teenage, late-night horror freak sees an amazing lady being undressed from behind by a smooth new neighbour, and automatically snatches his binoculars. That is, until he takes in the size of the guy's fingernails and teeth. That's right, it's Transylvania in the suburbs. It's weird, too, when the vampire's this attractive. You don't want the bites to happen, then again you do.

To wind down on the palpitations, I ran a series of cartoons for my promiscuous guest, who was warming up to the idea of some body heat. It was **Daffy Duck**, that shifty, unscrupulous game bird who always plays both ends against the middle with plenty of saliva in his beak. Dorothea's hero.

At that, we embraced like maniacs. I almost forgot what had transpired in the last two days, which is why I take notes. Minutes later, we both lit cigarettes from the same match. In that flare, her face resembled something I'd glimpsed a long time ago in a funfair ghost train, though I had squeezed my eyes shut that very second. Against my better judgement, I had obviously developed that image, for here it was again, exhaling smoke in a city bedroom.



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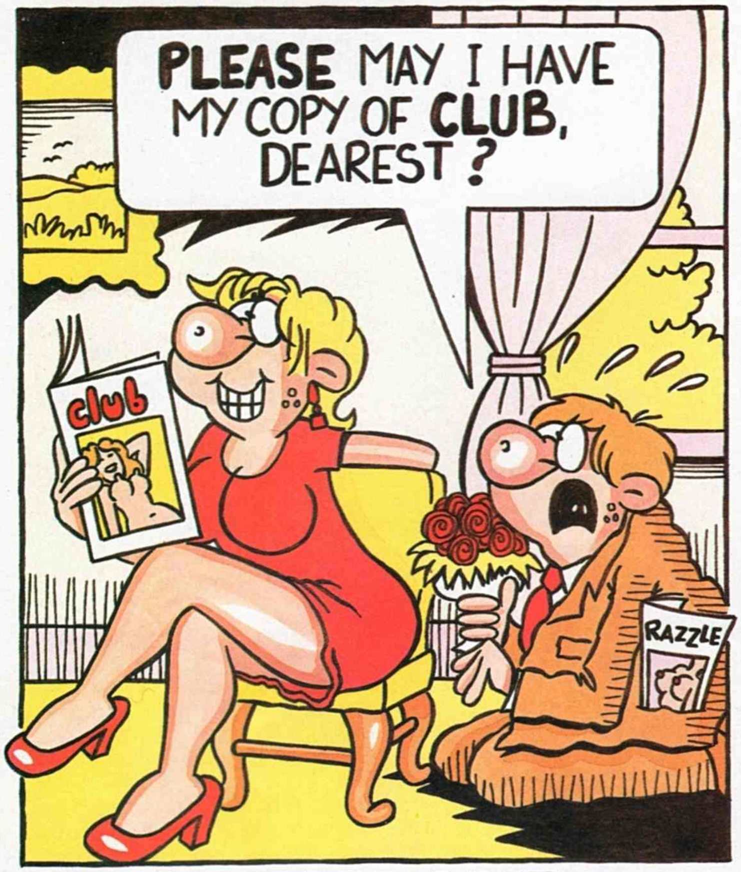
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WOMEN'S Writes

Club's women readers reveal their indiscretions and get their sexy secrets off their chests.

Marianne pays a visit to the local swimming pool, and ends up tackling a length of a totally different kind . . .

I wonder if I'm the only woman who's ever been fucked at a municipal swimming pool? I'll tell you how it happened.

I'm on the dole at the moment and I often go swimming during the daytime, at a place where one pool is reserved for the schoolkids, and one for adult swimmers. So there are never more than about half a dozen people in at a time.

It was a pretty cold October morning and I was delighted to find only two other people in the pool, a man and a woman. I changed into my navy blue one-piece costume – it's the swimming I go for, not the glamour – and got into the water and began my lengths up and down.

Suddenly, I felt something brush against me underneath. Looking round, I saw a guy emerging from the water, shaking his head, some distance off. He was doing underwater breadths.

I carried on, and soon felt the sensation again. He was deliberately taking a path that cut across mine, and although he could have swum deeper, he was choosing to brush against my body. It was a weird, erotic sensation, having a wet back slither past the points of my breasts and my belly. I swam into the shallow water and stood for a rest, and all at once there was a flurry of movement between my legs, and something slid between my thighs, rubbing against my fanny and sending a sexy jolt through me. It was the same guy.

You feel very exposed, wearing nothing but a thin, body-hugging lycra swimsuit. The man climbed out of the pool and poised himself on the side, ready for a dive. He was wearing scarlet trunks and my eyes widened as I caught a quick glimpse of the huge bulge in them before he dived in.

This time he swam between my legs on his back, and I felt him jab something against my crotch as he swam past. Anyone seeing us would have thought we were together – so I decided to play his game, as I was feeling very randy by now. In fact, it's a wonder the love juices coming out of my hole weren't clouding the water!

He was doing a slow breaststroke now, so I swam over, ducked beneath him and squeezed the slab inside his trunks hard as I went past, to tell him in no uncertain terms I was interested. He was about 30, with a muscular physique and black hair sleeked against his head. Very sexy . . .

Slow Throb

It would have been a lot easier if I had been wearing a bikini, because he could have just pulled the bottoms down. I clung to the rail and he came over as if he were my boyfriend. He started kissing me, his hard cock pressing me against the cold tiles of the poolside. I began to wriggle myself against him and felt him grow even bigger. I glanced down and saw his pink, gleaming knob was poking out of the top of his trunks. As the water magnified it, I could see the slit at the end quite clearly, and thought of all the spunk that might come spurting through it.

Just imagining that had made me grow hot and heavy between my legs. My clit started up a slow throb and I ground it against his rigid prick. He pulled at my swimsuit until he had released one of my breasts. Then he bent his head and began to suck my erect, exposed nipple.

I glanced round to make sure there were no pool attendants in view, then reached down and pulled his trunks down, revealing a glorious length of about nine rock-solid inches.

"For God's sake *do* something, or I'll never get out of this pool," he grunted in my ear. I took his cock in my hand and began gently manipulating it under the water.

"Harder, harder," he begged, so I squeezed my fist around his erection and pulled at him in hard, milking strokes.

"I want it up you," he whispered, sticking a hot, flickering tongue into my ear, which drove me so wild that, still clinging to the bar with one hand, I wrenched aside the leg of my swimsuit and pushed his huge rod up inside it. I wriggled until I had his smooth, hard glans firmly positioned at the entrance to my expanded hole.

I bore down on his penis, and it was like impaling myself on a steel bar. Any lubrication that had reached my outer labia had been washed away by the water, but I had to get my love muscles around him. I pressed until his whole length slipped in.

From the waist up, we were a couple talking and occasionally kissing, hanging on to the rail at the edge or the pool. But from the waist down, our legs were locked, and I had a hot, hard cock shafting me up and down. I ground my clit against him, feeling my orgasm coming on.

"Come on, come on, I can't hold it!" he urged me, and as I locked my legs round him and squeezed, feeling my pelvis explode in orgasmic ripples, he gave one mighty push and I felt his whole length shudder as his spunk was released inside me.

"Stay there and I'll suck you out," he said.

I let my body float as he dived under the surface. I felt his face working between my legs, his hot tongue probing inside my swimsuit and right between my lips. A groan escaped me as I felt another orgasm begin, and I let my whole body writhe and shudder as he sucked my labia and licked my spunky hole.

Any onlookers must have thought we were practising a special new swimming routine.

Marianne, Stockport

Jackie's finally made up her mind – she's going to have a shave. She doesn't intend doing it on her own, either . . .

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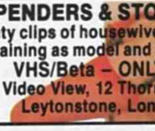

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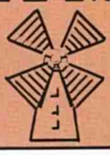

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I was going to tackle it alone in my bathroom, then I thought that would be a waste. I was going to ring Harry, the man I see most often, to ask him to witness the event, but the naughty thought came into my head that it would be even more fun with *two* males watching, so I arranged for both Harry and Bob – a guy I'd only met a week ago at a party and hadn't fucked yet – to come round at eight o'clock on Friday.

One thing about me is that I don't do anything by halves. I hired a raunchy video, bought some incredibly expensive oysters as an aphrodisiac, some champagne to wash them down with, and equipped myself with shaving foam and a razor.

As it neared eight, I was becoming so randy I could hardly keep my hands off myself. I kept having to grab my pussy and nipples and give them little hard squeezes to quieten them down.

Mounting Excitement

Harry arrived first. "I'm awfully sorry, love, but I've boobed over tonight, I've double-booked myself," I said. "Someone called Bob will be here in a minute, but don't worry, I'll get rid of him before the end of the evening," I said, giving him a lying wink. My plans, of course, were quite the opposite!

Bob looked taken aback when he arrived to find Harry here, but I gave them both a drink, introduced the oysters and switched the lights off and the video on. The "oohs" and "aahs" and the fact they both moved closer to me on the couch showed they were enjoying it.

I was very curious about Bob's prick. I'd necked with him at the party and felt it pressed against me, but I had no idea of its actual size. I glanced into his lap and saw a sizeable ridge in the region of his right thigh. Then I looked at Harry's bulge and felt a mounting excitement inside me.

I grabbed the remote control and pressed the hold button. "I'll be back in a second, boys. I don't want to miss anything," I told them.

I darted to the bathroom, stripped down to a white half-cup bra, over which my long pink nipples poked – they're an inch long when fully erect, as they were right then – and a white lacy G-string, armed myself with the razor and shaving foam, and sauntered back into the living room, aware that my boobs were fully on show and that my strong, wiry pubes were clearly visible through the lace.

Harry gave an amazed exclamation and Bob's eyes nearly popped out of his head. I put down my equipment, lay on my side on the hearthrug and gave my left nipple a lazy tweak. I saw Bob licking his lips, and that long ridge twitching inside his jeans.

"I want your opinion, and two heads are better than one," I told them. "The thing is, shall I shave my pussy, or shan't I?"

Slowly and teasingly, I inserted my finger inside my panty elastic and drew them gradually downwards so my pubes sprang out in thick profusion. Then I removed my panties altogether.

"Take a good look," I ordered them, "then tell me what you think. I reckon they spoil the shape of my fanny . . ."

I lay on my back and raised my hips in the air, showing my hairy mound to both men. Bob had one hand pressing down on his cock, as if trying to stop it springing through his trousers, while Harry was quite openly rubbing himself.

I rolled over on to all-fours and lifted my bottom in the air so they could see my huge, furry bulge from another angle. It really is pronounced, projecting much further than most women's seem to do.

"Jackie," Harry warned me, "you know what'll happen to you if you do much more of that. I don't care if your friend *is* watching . . ."

"Maybe he'd like to see a demonstration," I invited. I was really carried away, high on the excitement of exhibiting myself like this.

In seconds, Harry was on his knees behind me, thrusting his fat, hard dick into my plump pussy. I had my head down on the floor and my arse in the air as Harry pounded in and out, and a glimpse between my legs showed me that Bob had his dick out and was wanking himself slowly and enjoyably, sliding his foreskin up and down a long, hard and very inviting shaft.

"This is better than the video," he said, and Harry and I chuckled as we carried on grinding.

I know Harry well, and can tell when he's near to coming. I felt him grip me harder, heard his breathing become hoarser and faster, and I increased my movements so my cunt was like a fist gripping his prick hard in a hot, wet, well-lubricated vibration.

I started to wriggle my bum from side to side as I felt myself coming, and suddenly Harry shot his wad inside me. He pulled out of me and sank back on to the sofa, grinning happily. I sank down and rolled over. Bob was wanking himself really hard now, and I could tell he might come any second.

"Don't waste it; shoot it here," I said, moving my pouting, dripping fanny in front of him. "Give me something to shave my pussy with."

He gave his knob three really hard pulls and his spunk shot out of him in great white globules, landing all over my belly and pubes.

Favourite Place

"Harry, you take the razor," I ordered. He began gently scraping at my pubes, which were sticky and dripping with Bob's come. His had begun to drip out of me, too, so I caught some in my hand and lathered it on to my pubes.

As Harry razored me, I took his cock in my hand and began to give him a gentle wank, rubbing him in his favourite place just behind the glans. It showed some signs of coming back to life. "You, too," I told Bob. He kneeled beside me and bent over so I could run my tongue over his swollen knob. Then I opened my mouth wide and he inserted his length while I sucked on it like a fat cigar.

"Keep still, or I might slip and cut you," Harry warned.

"How can I?" I mumbled, with a mouthful of cock. Bob was pushing eagerly in and out of my mouth and I knew he was dying to fuck me properly. I also had the feeling it would turn Harry on to watch me being shagged by another man, as we'd sometimes fantasized together about getting a couple of friends in and swapping partners.

"Stop for a moment, Harry," I begged, then moaned: "Oh, Bob, fuck me, please . . ."

He raised up my hips and began to eat my half-shaved pussy, licking a double helping of male love cream from my lips. He grasped his prick in one hand and drove it hard into me, making me gasp. Harry was standing over me, his big, thick prick in his hand, wanking with his knob pointed directly at my face.

Bob really knew how to fuck. He pushed my hips this way and that, twisted his dick round inside me, set up a steady, quickening rhythm so I almost came, then suddenly changed his movements, keeping me – and him – hovering on the brink.

Harry crouched down and I knew what he wanted. I opened my mouth obediently and started sucking his prick. It was like being fucked from both ends – two lively cocks, each getting ready to shoot their full load of spunk into my body.

Harry came first, spraying my throat with bursts of salty semen. I started climaxing as I began swallowing it down, and my wild gyrations caused Bob to give a loud groan. The next minute he shoved his dick in me up to the hilt, so I felt my shaved bits scrape against his own wiry pubes, then his

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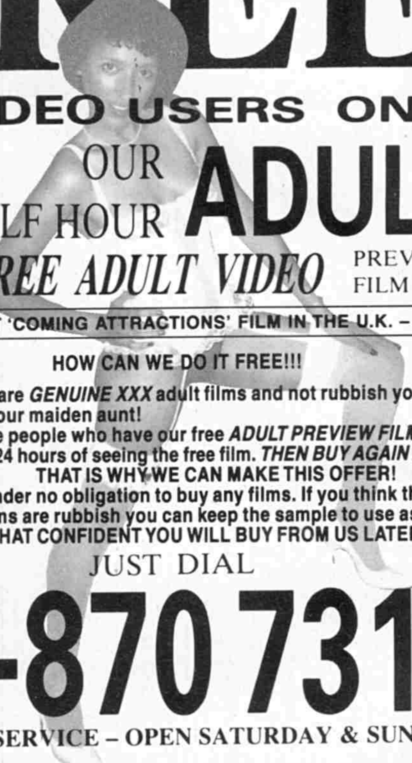

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weapon began to spasm as he pumped his spunk into me.

"I think she needs more," Harry panted, and reached for the shaving foam. He pressed the nozzle and sprayed my tits and belly with white foam, and Bob massaged it into my pubes. Harry ordered me to lick his balls, one of his favourite treats, while Bob wielded the razor and finished off the shaving.

The end result was one very bald and very satisfied pussy, which both men agreed looked very pretty and very inviting. In fact, after an exhausted Bob had staggered off home, Harry christened my newly-exposed treasures with his tongue.

Jackie, London NW1

One of Annabel's dinner guests fancies her sexy lingerie – for himself! And that leads to some fun and games after the meal . . .

A few weeks ago, I invited some friends round for a meal. As I was between men at the time, a friend said she would bring a spare one she knew. When she arrived with him, my first thought was that he wasn't that fantastic-looking: not bad, but nothing special. I resigned myself to a few more weeks of celibacy.

The evening progressed and we all had a few bottles of wine. I was about to take the main course out of the oven when I noticed that Jim, the man my friend had brought, was missing. Thinking he had gone to the bathroom, I went down the corridor to yell to him that I was just serving up, but the bathroom was empty. The only other room in the flat is my bedroom . . .

I thought perhaps he had been equally unimpressed with me, and had slipped off home, but I decided to check the bedroom out, anyway. I caught Jim red-handed – literally – with my underwear drawer open and a pair of ruby silk French knickers in his hand.

"I, er, was just looking to see what you'd got," he stammered embarrassedly.

"Are you interested in underwear, then?" I asked, thinking he was maybe a salesman or something.

"I like *ladies'* things," he said.

"Then maybe you'd like these," I suggested and opened the drawer where I keep all my special items which I use to give treats to my favourite men. I have a black lace body-stocking, a pale pink silk basque, a white peephole bra and matching G-string, a wispy pink negligée that hides nothing, plus an old-fashioned white Victorian corset and a selection of suspender belts.

Jim's eyes widened. "Do you mind if I touch them?" he asked me, and I said no. I could tell he was most taken with the corset and those French knickers.

"I've always wanted to try something like that on," he said of the corset.

"Be my guest," I told him, aware that dinner was being slightly overcooked.

He took off his trousers and kept his briefs on while I helped him into the corset. I couldn't help noticing what a good body he had. I'd never known a man who wanted to wear ladies' clothes before, and something about it really turned me on.

He admired his reflection in the mirror, then asked if he could borrow the French knickers. As he whipped off his briefs, I was peeping in the mirror and saw a very impressive set of wedding tackle. When I turned round, he was wearing the corset and French knickers. I could clearly see the shape of his cock and balls behind the silk. Indeed, his cock was growing of its own accord, poking beneath the restricting corset and imprisoned in the soft silk. I had a sudden urge to caress it – but didn't dare as I hardly knew him. And, anyway, my guests were waiting to be served.

He asked if he could keep them on during dinner, and I agreed. Then I dashed off and served up. As we ate, I was constantly aware of the fact Jim was wearing my underclothes beneath his outer garments. The thought gave me a secret thrill, knowing nobody knew but Jim and me.

Several times during the meal I saw Jim's hand slip beneath the table and guessed he was giving himself secret strokes. It was having an effect on me, too. I was having to press my aching fanny hard against the chair to try and still the throbs which were distracting me from my food.

After dinner, everyone started moving away to sit on the sofa or the floor, talking, drinking and listening to music – all except Jim, that is, and I guessed I knew the reason: he had such a big hard-on, he didn't dare get up.

I was so excited myself by now, I could see my nipples sticking right out beneath my grey satin blouse. I gave them a quick flip with my thumbs, which caused a twinge in my clit. My black lace briefs were soaking, my cunt swollen and heavy between my thighs.

Seeing my other guests were well-occupied, I signalled to Jim and slipped out of the room towards the bedroom. Seconds later, he had followed me.

I was right about his problem. It was sticking out a mile – well, at least six inches. He looked down at it and grimaced. "Agony!" he said.

Sexual Jolt

"I know how you feel," I murmured, and suddenly I was in his arms and we were almost fighting each other. I wanted him so much, I was biting him, digging my teeth into his shoulders and upper arms while I unbuttoned his shirt and he undressed me.

He had leaked spunk, causing dark patches to appear on the tight, silk panties. The sight of the lace border on the legs draped around his muscular thighs, which were covered in a thick blond fuzz, sent another sexual jolt through me. His thick, long cock projected almost grotesquely from beneath the restricting white corset and dug into me as we pressed our bodies together.

"Fuck me, get on top of me," he begged.

I needed no urging. I cast him on his back across the bed, pulled the French knickers down his thighs and slowly lowered myself on to his rearing muscle, taking it in half-an-inch at a time, feeling my vaginal walls expand as his hardness pushed in. I was pouring juice by now, drenching his cock. It was running down all over his balls.

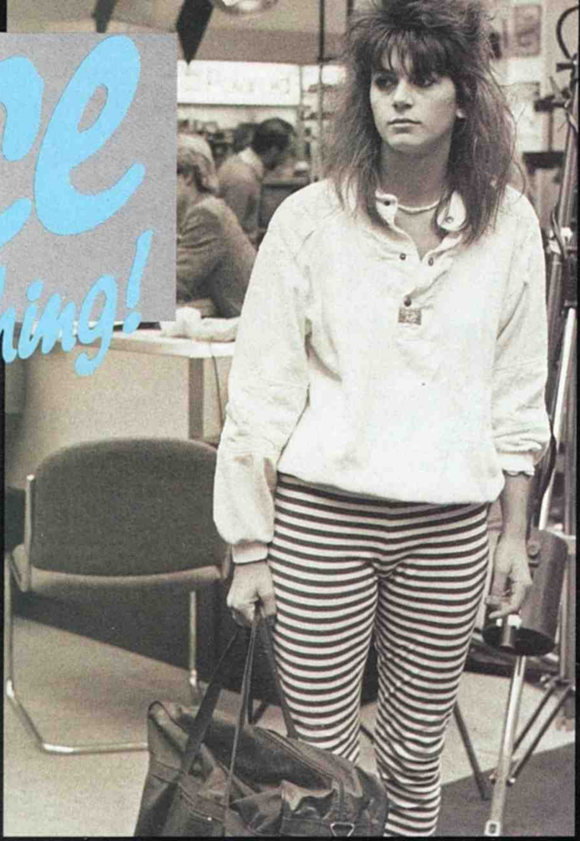
I put my hands on his chest and played with his nipples, pinching and squeezing them between my fingers and my thumb. He cried out and squirmed and said it drove him wild. At the same time, he was playing with my breasts. As I bent forward to raise my bum in the air so that I could thrust down again on to his slippery weapon, my nipples brushed his chest, and at every downward thrust, my clitoris came into hard contact with the boned ridge at the base of the corset. It acted like a clitoral stimulator, the kind a man wears round his prick. Every time my swollen button touched it, I felt a sexual surge jab through my body, bringing me closer to orgasm.

I started to move faster, gyrating up and down, my breasts bouncing against him, my hands gripping his hips. I felt my vagina ripple and contract as I jammed down on him, feeling his glans right up by my womb. I moaned aloud, leaning backwards and grinding my clit against the hard, white corset as I had an incredible orgasm.

As I was calming down, I felt his cock begin to twitch inside me, then a fountain of hot cream exploded into my womb.

We lay there wrecked for a while, then he removed my soiled undies and we rejoined the dinner party. I got his address and the next day I sent him a present in the post – that pair of come-stained silk French knickers which I'd rubbed all over my musky, juicy cunt. *Annabel, Bournemouth* ♣

club Chance would be a fine thing!



We have to admit to working our photographers hard. Only the best is good enough for this magazine, and we demand it all the time (if not more often).

You'd think, then, they had enough on their plate while working on one of our photo sessions. However, when you throw in a girl who's also a photography fanatic, who demands to know every light reading and shutter speed, and who offers her own free advice at every exposure (in both senses of the word), you're talking about one busy lensman.

At one stage in the proceedings, Potter suggested it might be better if he and Susie were to swap places. Our latest *Club Chance* recruit took him completely by surprise when she said she would love the opportunity to photograph a male nude other than her boyfriend. "He just can't seem to control himself. He always ends up with a stinking great erection, which ruins the effect completely."

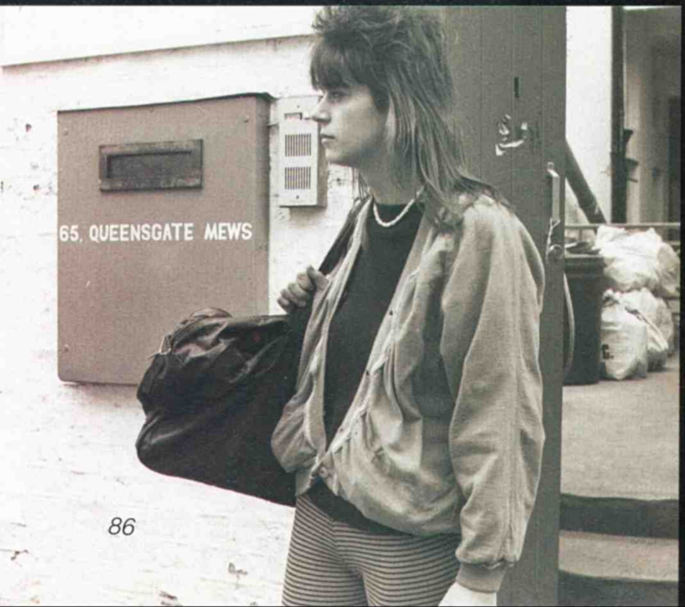
Thankfully, the offer was withdrawn and Susie went on to display how adept she is at performing on the other side of the camera, too.

"I once did a nude set of myself, using the automatic setting on my camera. I showed the pictures to a friend of a friend who runs his own agency – and although he thought I looked good, he went ga-ga over the photography, saying I should ask whoever took them to send more work in. I was too modest to own up . . ."

We put Susie to the test, asking her to make a selection of pictures from the finished set: her expertise was obvious, and so most of the pictures overleaf are Susie's own choice. "I'm quite an expert on men, too, so I like to think I've chosen pictures that'll give your readers a real turn-on."

My goodness, is there no end to this girl's talents?

Photographs by Ian Potter



WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROOVY STABLEMATE

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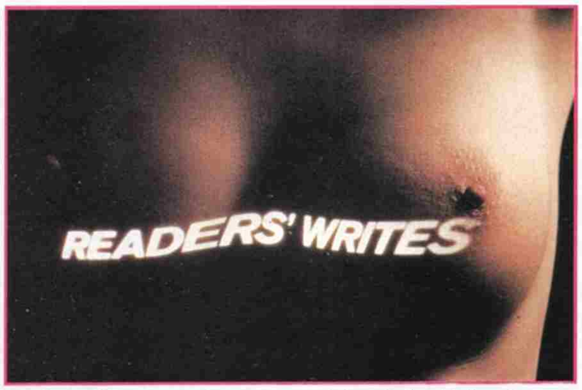


continued from page 7

she got up to use the photocopier, I noticed her skirt was so tight, I could see the outline of her panties – which were very tiny. My cock hardened uncontrollably in my trousers at this sight – just as someone put his head round a door and called out my name.

As I stood up, the receptionist looked up – and noticed the huge bulge in my trousers straight away. She could scarcely suppress a giggle, and, despite my embarrassment, this only served to make my hard-on grow even bigger. All during my interview, my mind was only on one thing – the receptionist. On my way out, I plucked up the courage and asked her if she fancied a date.

"I thought you were never going to ask," was all she said.

As usual on a first date, I could hardly eat anything – and the adrenalin really started to flow when she said I could spend the night at her flat (which she moved into after her divorce).

My sense of anticipation was well-founded, too: the minute we got back to her place, she led me straight into the bedroom, muttering about how she'd found me attractive from the moment I first walked into the agency. Well, shucks, y'know . . .

Lying on the bed, she lifted her skirt, took down her panties and spread her thighs. "I'd like you to come over here and eat me," she said quietly. Talk about a (wet) dream come true! The chance to go down on such a mature woman had my cock rampant.

Eventually, after an hour of foreplay, she sat on my face, leaned forward, took the whole of my cock in her mouth, and we enjoyed a totally frenzied climax.

We've been living together now for about six weeks, and our sex scene just gets better and better. I still haven't fixed myself up with a job, but registering with that agency was the most productive move I've ever made! *Ken, Newcastle*

Eastern Promise

Having just returned from my umpteenth trip to the Far East, I was saddened to see just how much the Bangkok sex scene has degenerated into its present mess – all sorts of nasty little diseases seem to be rife. Before, it used to be possible to realize your wildest sexual fantasies for the price of a few drinks. I've always found Oriental girls attractive, and while the Thais seem to lack the natural sensuality of Japanese girls, they're every bit as good in bed.

I worked in Bangkok from 1979 to 1981, and enjoyed some truly wild moments with two – sometimes three – girls at a time. The whores out there are fond of using a little device called a goku – a tiny leather strap which fits snug around the base of your cock, tucked in right behind your balls. Used properly, it restricts the flow of semen from your balls to your cock, enabling you to have orgasm after orgasm without tiring. The more climaxes you have, the stronger they become, until a little chain is eventually tugged and an incredible amount of jism literally ROCKETS from your cock.

Thai girls are probably the most accomplished at the art of fellatio in the whole world; they don't regard it as a special favour like Western girls. Instead it's very much an honour – a way of paying homage to what they regard as male supremacy. I tell you – you haven't lived until you've been sucked off by three girls at the same time– one licking your balls, the other slowly and sensually jerking you off into the third girl's mouth.

In fact, I spent so many memorable nights with the whores of Bangkok, I knew I'd never be able to go back to British girls, who seem to – in my experience, anyway – go through life always saying "no" to guys. So, rather than go back home to a life of sexual indifference, I decided to take my two favourite Thai girls back home with me.

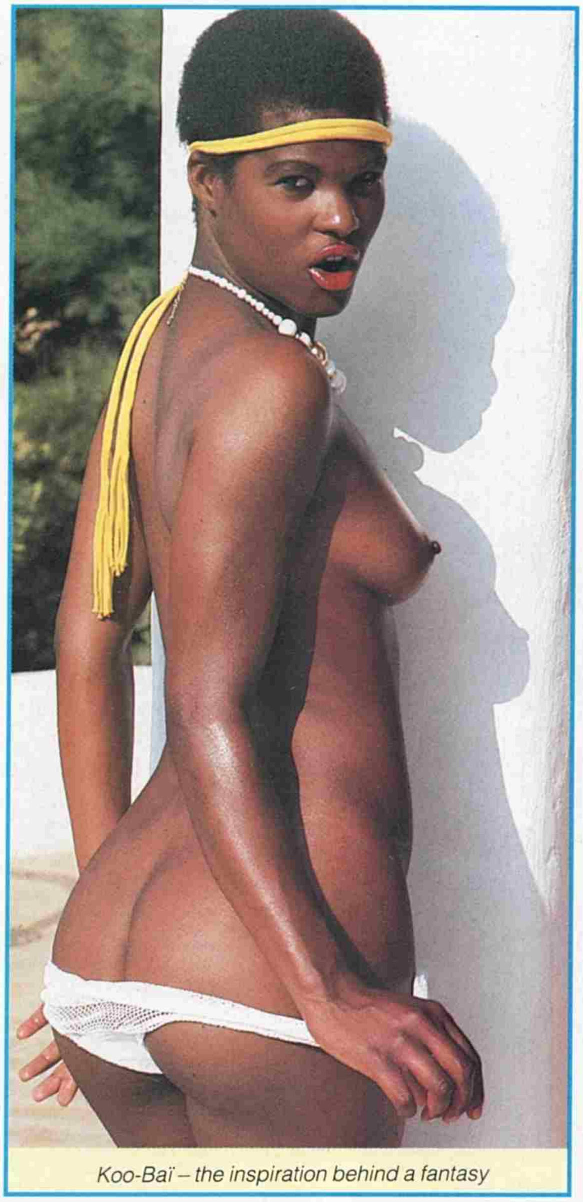
We're now all blissfully happy, sleeping three in a bed. My mates are quite jealous, but I tire of telling them how easy it is just to jump on a plane to Thailand – or, even better, the Phillipines – to find pretty girls literally queueing up to be taken out of the country.

Garry, Bedford

Black Magic

May I take this opportunity to say how delighted I was to see the pictures of Koo-Baï in Vol 15 No 12. I am black, too, just like most of my girlfriends, so it was an especially erotic experience for me to see the pictures of this truly beautiful girl.

Although I have to admit to not being a regular reader of your magazine, I had no hesitation in buying this particular issue when I glanced at page 75 in the newsagent's.


Koo-Baï – the inspiration behind a fantasy

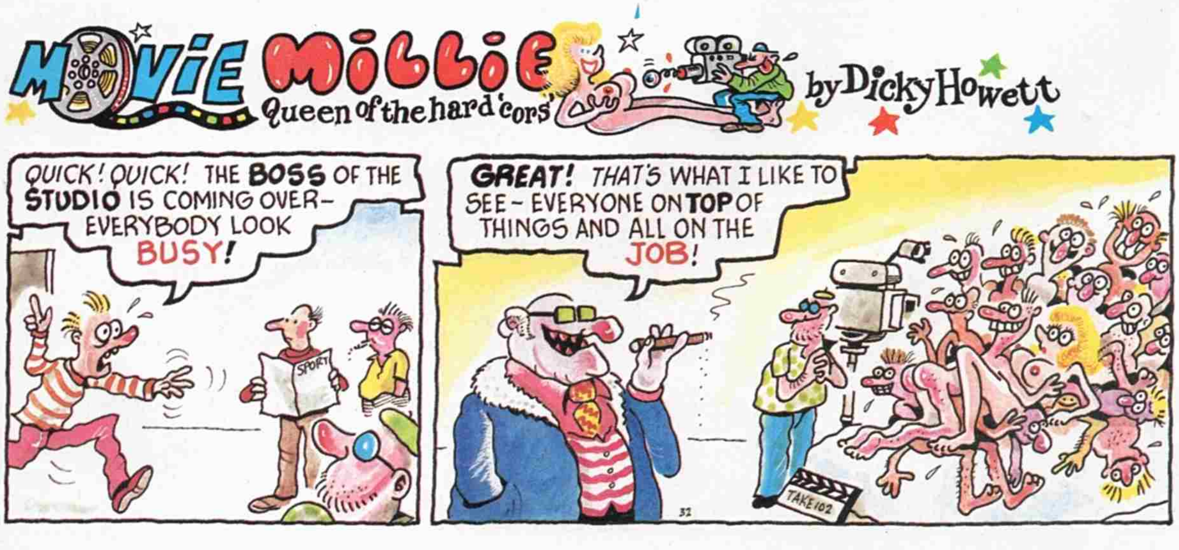
When I took the magazine home, the first thing I did was to show the pictures of Koo-Baï to my girlfriend, who was just as turned-on by them as I was. She began to stroke my hard-on through my trousers, and said: "I know what you're thinking. I want you to fuck me, and to pretend I am Koo-Baï. I'll pretend I'm her, too."

This sounded like my kind of game! Fantasizing with your girlfriend is something we all do, but to do it with her full knowledge and consent heightens the pleasure even more.

We went upstairs to the bedroom and stripped naked. She pushed me on to my back on the bed and started to nibble my cock. "Koo-Baï loves doing this," she said. My girlfriend's normally very sexy, but she was driving me really wild on this occasion. Because of this, we didn't indulge in too much foreplay – we got on with the fucking as soon as possible. After my girlfriend had had her orgasm, she made me pull out, saying: "Koo-Baï wants you to come all over her body."

As I kneeled over her chest, she began to wank me furiously. When my spunk flew out, she pulled my cock this way and that so my come went all over her body. She made sure that some made its way into her mouth. It was a tremendous orgasm.

I'd like to think you'll feature another black girl, or maybe Koo-Baï again, very soon. *David, Croydon*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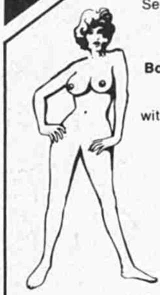

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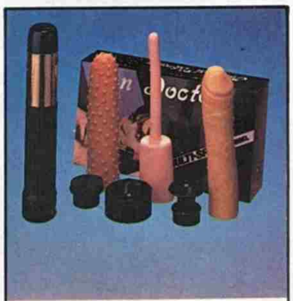

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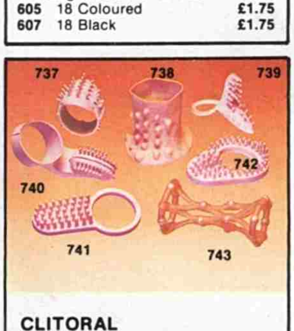

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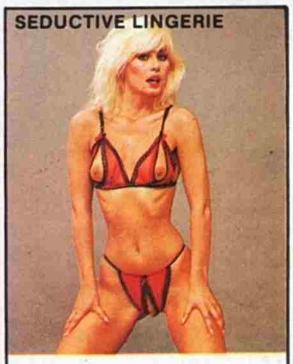

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184

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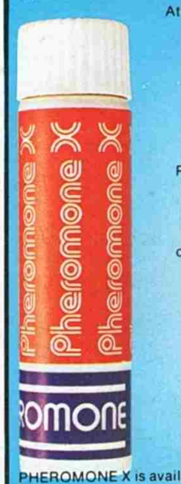

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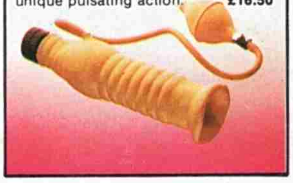

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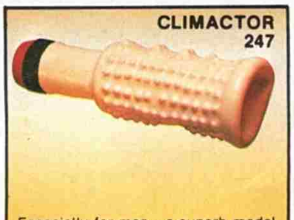

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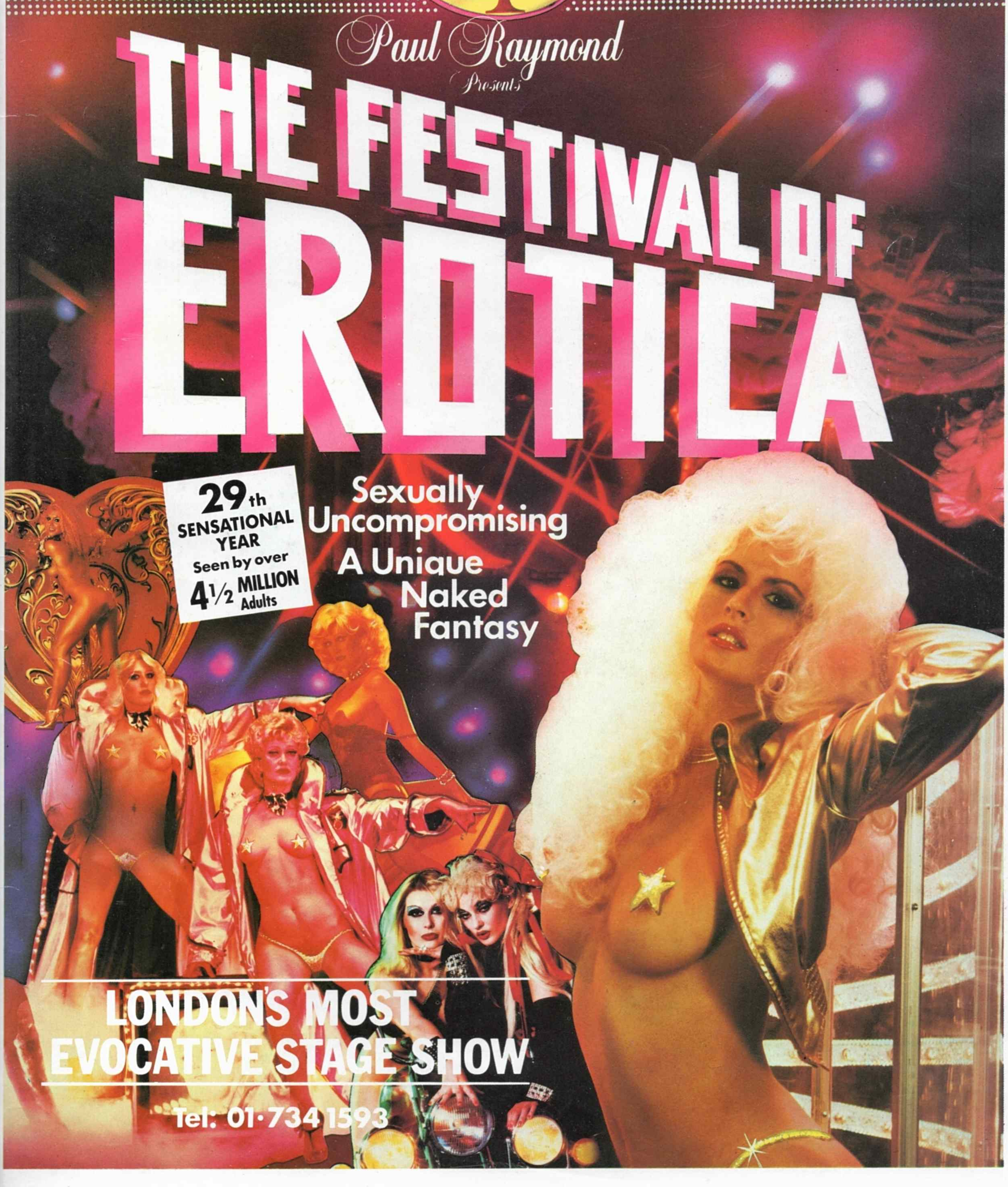

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